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AN EGYPTIAN POLICY AT LAST.

THE tardy and partial resolve of HER MAJESTY'S Government to adopt a definite Egyptian policy is in itself a matter supplying an almost infinite number of points for comment. When there is added to it the comment already made by the various organs of European public opinion, the infinity becomes positive. In no space immediately at the disposal of any publicist would it be possible to deal with even the majority of the more important points thus suddenly presented. The discontent shown almost unanimously by the civilized world at the abandonment of a vast tract of the world's surface to savagery is no light matter even if it be admitted (as by any fair controversialist it must be admitted) that the *orbis terrarum* here judges in a new sense *securus*—that probably very few of the objectors would like to have the task, whose refusal they blame when it is the act of England, thrown on their own country. It is significant enough that the chief London newspaper which supports the Government has expressed (in a manner the reverse of respectful to a Ministry which is supposed by its friends to be above all things moral) the conviction that the resumption of the Soudan proffered to Turkey cannot be serious, and that, if it is serious, it is wholly abominable. The doings of any Egyptian Ministry may be regarded as very minor matters. But it must again be admitted (though the admission will have to be made by a different class of persons from those who admit the possible hollowness of Continental grumbles) that CHERIF PASHA and his colleagues in striking their flag have at any rate, however contradictory the statement may sound, marched out with flying colours. Their new-found respect for the integrity of the Turkish Empire and the provisions of the Egyptian Constitution may be extremely suspicious in itself. But it is a very awkward protest against the sudden assumption of practically despotic authority by a Power which has hitherto protested and vowed that it feels the utmost delicacy in interfering with constitutional matters in Egypt. Lastly, the acceptance of office by NUBAR PASHA undoubtedly places the ablest man who is to be found in what may be loosely called the Egyptian public service at the nominal helm. But hardly any one who knows Egypt at all would select NUBAR, of all Egyptian statesmen or quasi-statesmen, as that one who commands most confidence from any party in the country itself. As a delegate of England, no one not an English subject may be preferable; as the choice of Egypt in any sense, he may be regarded as having simply no existence. But the full discussion of all these matters at once could only be unsatisfactory and confusing; and for the present it is better to confine attention to two points, each of which can be handled with some approach to completeness.

In the first place, it is clear that the recent step taken by the English Government is in effect a more decisive and irretraceable step in the direction of assuming complete and final control over Egypt than anything short of the annexation of the country *sans phrase* could be. This must have been the first thought which struck any reader of the intelligence; and it is creditable to some of the supporters of the Government that they did not hesitate to recognize it. The "absolute shall" in the relations of one country to another can hardly go further than this peremptory demand that the other country shall abandon a great part of its territory, recognized as belonging to it for a great number of years, and in places still held by its military and civil

officials. The responsibility incurred by England would, as a matter of fact, have been less if she had landed twenty thousand Indian troops at Souakim, and had undertaken to reconquer the Soudan, than when, as now, she has forced the unwilling KHEDIVÉ and his unwilling Ministers to acquiesce in its abandonment. In the one case, England would have been acting at her own risk, and would have been the arbiter of the range and duration of the action. In the other, she has thrown the immediate risk and loss on Egypt, and has by implication undertaken to see Egypt, if the terms are accepted, safe out of it. To a philosopher who had leisure to reflect on the way in which extremes meet, this incurring of a practically unlimited guarantee—for England must now be held liable not merely to defend Egypt up to Wady Halfa, but to satisfy any just demands of Turkey arising from the abandonment of Egypt beyond Wady Halfa—out of, as it would seem, mere unwillingness to give any guarantee at all, might be a very curious study. The rashness of cowardice is not a new theme, but fresh illustrations of it must always be interesting. Into this, however, it is not necessary to enter. "As we have insisted on Egypt being defended in English fashion," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a sufficiently unsuspected authority in this case, "the defence of Egypt passes into our hands." It is the truth, but not the whole truth. For by this action we have incurred to Egypt an indefinite but all the more inevitable liability for any damage which her unwilling acceptance of our advice may inflict on her. By forcing her to make jettison of a part, we have insured the whole cargo at our risk. In some reading of history it is difficult to remember any undertaking so Quixotic with the Quixotism of poltroonery. It is scarcely surprising that some foreign and unfriendly critics should remember that a Quixote-poltroon can always get himself out of his difficulties by running away.

There is one other point which can be discussed at present with advantage, though not with complete knowledge. The proposed withdrawal from the Soudan, or retrocession of the Soudan to Turkey, may have three different meanings, and it is yet not clear which of two of those meanings is the meaning of HER MAJESTY'S Government. The simple abandonment of the attempt to reconquer Kordofan and Darfur for the present—even the shortening considerably of the cordon of Egyptian garrisons which lately stretched along the Nile towards the Equator—would hardly have met with disapproval from anybody. If Egypt ever had any business to attempt the holding of all North-Western Central Africa, she certainly is not in a position now to reaffirm her hold on it at her own cost and by her own strength. Nor, with the possibility of serious complications in parts of the world which concern England more directly, would many Englishmen choose the present moment for an African crusade. But the matter becomes very different when the abandonment of all Nubia—a territory which has been Egyptian for generations—and the relinquishment of the Upper Nile to barbarism is proposed. Without sharing the one-idea'd fancies of anti-slavery fanatics, it is perfectly possible to see that the Nile, at least up to its junction with the Athara, and more probably up to the confluence of its two main streams, ought to be held and policed by any civilized or semi-civilized Power which commands its lower course. There is no doubt whatever that, with vigorous action on the part of the English Government when the news of HICKS PASHA'S defeat first arrived, Berber easily, and

Khartoum without any great difficulty, could have been made safe against any possible enemy, and that the Soudan east of the river could, with the river's course, have been tranquillized and retained. It is in the refusal to do this that the most certain action and the least disputable as far as certain error of the English Government consists. But has its error gone further still? A Radical journal says that "the abandonment of Souakim is too preposterous to be discussed"; but the English Note in the official Report speaks of the Eastern Soudan as to be retroceded to Turkey *en bloc*, and no reservation is made of the Littoral. It is, indeed, difficult to think that even such an apostle of withdrawal as Mr. GLADSTONE, such a willing advocate of it as Sir EVELYN BARING, can seriously have proposed that a stretch of ground inside the Red Sea giving the only direct adit to the Soudan on the east should become No Man's Land, which is what the proposal, in its "preposterous" sense, comes to, and it is perfectly certain that if such a proposal has been entertained that coast will very soon cease to be No Man's Land. For years past the eyes both of France and Italy have been fixed longingly on this coast. Both countries have wasted money and trouble on worthless or nearly worthless posts within and without the Straits, neither of which can be compared for a moment with Souakim, either in political importance or commercial prospects. To Turkey Souakim would be of little value; indeed, the possession of it would almost oblige the Porte to a costly and difficult war. Nor, if it is once abandoned by Egypt under the mandate of Great Britain, can the latter have any ground for objecting to its sale or transfer to another European Power. Few nations are strong enough to play the dog in the manger nowadays; none is strong enough to keep the manger taboo without even taking the precaution, as the dog did, of occupying it. If the Government really thinks of making Egypt evacuate the Red Sea Littoral of Nubia, all that can be said is that the country must act as it acted in the case of the LESSEPS Convention. But if the Government does not, its Note to the Egyptian Government must have been one of the worst-worded or worst-reported State papers that have for many years issued from an English Government office. NUBAR PASHA is said, it is true, to have disclaimed any idea of abandoning Souakim. But this does not explain the difficulty of offering to Turkey the nominal retrocession of a province without the gate of that province, nor does it remove the fact that the English Government has not pronounced on the matter.

THE TRANSVAAL DELEGATES.

IT was not at first certain whether a late article in the *Times* on the negotiation with the Transvaal delegates accurately represented the decision of the Colonial Office and the Government. It is sometimes convenient, especially when Parliament is not sitting, to publish official information through the newspapers in the recognized form of an ostensibly "communicated" article; but independent journalists cannot be compelled to transmit the inspiration from above through a colourless medium; and Lord DERBY, if he confided his decision to the *Times*, can scarcely have anticipated the defiant tone which seems inconsistent with a virtual apology for helplessness and failure. It seemed probable that the statement might be substantially correct. Mr. KRUGER and his colleagues had, according to the statement, dictated their own terms, having perhaps gauged Lord DERBY's capacity for yielding by their bold experiment of summarily executing a prisoner for whom the English Government had condescended to intercede. There was no reason to apprehend that any concession made by the Colonial Minister would be disavowed by the Government. If the *Times* is well-informed, the affairs of the Transvaal were fully discussed at the Cabinet Council, which might have been expected to occupy itself exclusively with more pressing questions of Egyptian policy. On the same authority it was announced that the Bechuana frontier is to be modified by the inclusion within the Transvaal of all territories which may be occupied at the request and with the consent of the respective chiefs. The delegates may perhaps not have thought it necessary to furnish the English Government with evidence which may satisfy possible doubts as to the voluntary nature of the cession.

The reasonable demand of the independence of the trade route from the Cape Colony to the interior was met by a proposed compromise under which the road would be

neutralized and be exempted from taxation. It now appears that Lord DERBY has defined a boundary which will leave the whole course of the trade route to the west of the territory conceded to the Transvaal. The arrangement is to secure the independence of MANKOROANE and MONSIOA, but the delegates complain that some of the lands of chiefs friendly to the Boers will also be excluded. The delegates had during the negotiation protested against an alleged interference with their sovereign rights, and suggested that there was more than one route which led to the same regions. The case had not been provided for in the Sand River Convention, for the obvious reason that there was then no trade with the interior, and that the emigrant Boers had not then thought of claiming a right to control the commerce of the English colony. No information has been given as to the pretension to relief from the pecuniary liabilities which were accepted at the time of the Pretoria Convention. It perhaps matters little whether a debt which will not in any case be paid is legally remitted. The equitable and moral claim of the English Government to the expenses which it undertook during the time of the annexation for the benefit of the Transvaal may be confidently affirmed, but it is easy to anticipate the plausible sophisms which might excuse attempts at repudiation. In private transactions of an analogous kind the creditor would be content to prove the acknowledgment of the debt in a document which recorded the terms of a deliberate contract. The same uncertainty affects the claim to nominal as well as real independence, which again involves the contingent right of diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers. It may be conjectured that, in deference to popular opinion, of which Mr. FORSTER has been the most conspicuous exponent, some verbal security has been given for the protection of the natives within and beyond the limits of the Transvaal. The present arrangement will at least not be followed, like the Pretoria Convention, by disappointment of reasonable expectations. No Bechuana chief will henceforth be sanguine enough to rely on English protection beyond the very limited extent which Lord DERBY has proposed and to which, it is said, the Cape Colony is prepared to give its assent.

The apparently official apologist of the Government was perhaps not well advised in the arguments by which a mortifying surrender was vindicated. In substance it was contended that no concession would be withheld from negotiators who, in default of agreement, would have assumed to themselves the rights and powers which they demanded. During the last Session Lord DERBY reasoned to the same effect in an unseasonably candid speech. It would, as he said, be difficult and costly, though not perhaps impossible, to coerce the Boers; and it was inferred that they might consequently control all future negotiations. Lord DERBY's characteristic dislike of fictions has sometimes led him to indulge in indiscreet candour. It is generally unwise to inform an adverse litigant that, if he persists in his demands, he will inevitably prevail. Mr. FORSTER, in his eloquent speech, boldly accepted the challenge of one of the audience by declaring that, if necessary, he would fight in preference to abandoning the duties which the nation had undertaken. On the other hand, it is true that it would at present be inexpedient to resort to force; but circumstances may change, unforeseen opportunities may occur, and a *de jure* protectorate over the native races of South Africa may not improbably prove at some future time to be an element of political power. The Convention of Pretoria retains its full legal value, as far as it is not repealed or altered as a result of the present negotiation. The Boers may carry out the threat, which the delegates are said to have uttered, that, if they return to the Transvaal without having effected a settlement, they will act as if their demands had been conceded; but a confessedly lawless usurpation has only a precarious tenure. Notwithstanding their warlike aptitude, the Boers of the Transvaal are few in number; and they may at any time be hard pressed by some native confederacy, or by a ruler of the type of CETEWAYO. Only a few years have passed since the Republic was unable to defend itself, even with the aid of the Swazis, against SECOCOENI, a chief not of the highest rank. In the time of danger the Transvaal might perhaps regret that it had assumed an unfriendly attitude towards the Imperial and Colonial Governments.

If in this, as in all other cases, the future is uncertain, events have supplied a conclusive criticism on the blunders of the past. Those who asserted that the conclusion of peace with the Boers in 1880 was a proof of wisdom and even of courage, have been convicted of inexcusable blind-

ness. That the stronger of the belligerents should sue for peace immediately after suffering a series of petty but discreditable defeats was so far a bold measure that it was audaciously paradoxical and wholly unprecedented. It is well known that the military commanders informed the Government that they were prepared to re-establish their superiority in the field; and there was little doubt that, as soon as the late disasters were retrieved, the hostile force would abstain from further resistance. The moment of victory would have been the occasion for liberal redress of legitimate grievances; and it was understood on all sides that the internal independence of the Transvaal would be recognized without hesitation. In defiance of reason and of authoritative warning, Mr. GLADSTONE took the opportunity to throw his warder down. Although few living men have by weakness, or in the indulgence of passionate prejudice, caused so much slaughter as the unwilling participant in the Crimean war, and the zealous promoter of the Russian invasion of Turkey, Mr. GLADSTONE was undoubtedly sincere in his desire on the morrow of Majuba to avoid blood-guiltiness. Among the consequences of his mistaken policy have been the incessant native feuds on the border of the Transvaal, and one of the latest results is the execution of MAMPOER. The PRIME MINISTER is, of course, also responsible for the anarchy and civil war which have followed in Zululand the restoration of CETEWAYO; but even Mr. GLADSTONE cannot attend to the affairs of all the world, and the results of a sentimental caprice may more justly be attributed to Lord KIMBERLEY.

The apologists of the Government, perhaps unjustly, attributed to Lord DERBY a repetition of the error which was universally reprobated in the case of the Suez Canal. The alleged concession of the demands of the Transvaal delegates is excused on the ground of the strong defensible position which they are supposed to occupy. It is, according to the advocates of unlimited concession, useless to contend with adversaries who have possession on their side, or superior local advantages. In the same spirit Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHILDERS, by way of justifying their extravagant offers to M. DE LESSEPS, threw away their case by gratuitously admitting or asserting his claim to a disputed monopoly. It may be that in former times Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries were too patriotically one-sided; but Lord PALMERSTON, who never affected to be impartial when the interests of his country were concerned, was far more fortunate than his cosmopolitan successors in avoiding dangerous collisions. A statesman is bound to consider the rights and even the interests of other nations; but he mistakes his position when in disputes between his own country and other political communities he affects to be an arbitrator rather than an agent. It may be readily admitted that Lord DERBY is not prone to err on the side of sentimental weakness; but in negotiating with the Transvaal delegates he was dealing with difficulties wholly due to the impulsive precipitancy of Mr. GLADSTONE. It would be too much to hope that the mischievous consequences of a long series of errors have at last been terminated.

HYPOCHONDRIA AS A FINE ART.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON is a most interesting writer and a curious inquirer, but it is difficult to praise his latest invention. He has thrown into British families an apple of discord in the shape of 500*l.* to be given as prizes for "family records." He is unconsciously encouraging the practice as a fine art of morbid "introspection" and of hypochondria, which is already far too fashionable. "The less you think about yourself and your symptoms the better" is advice most of us have received, and it is very good advice, too, for the individual. "The more you think about your symptoms, and your father's symptoms, and your uncle's liver, and your grandmother's gout, the better," is practically what Mr. GALTON tells society. This course of reflection may be good for science. The world may wax more and more scientific if we do as Mr. GALTON tells us, but the individual will certainly wither and will indubitably become the curse of his family circle.

Mr. GALTON's 500*l.* is to be distributed among the British families who furnish him with the best "Family Records" before May 15, 1884. The records are wanted for the study of "Heredity," a topic on which Mr. GALTON has written much that is interesting. If we are careful about "strains" and "sires" in breeding racing-stock, why should we not be anxious in selecting proper sires and dams of the

human race? PLATO asked the question some time ago, and the Elders of his Utopia were to arrange marriages on scientific principles. But to do this requires knowledge on the very topics which are now only communicated to the sacred confidence of physicians. Mr. GALTON wants these confidences for purposes of science, and his plan for obtaining them is not new. Two years ago the author of that moral work *La Faustin* requested his lady readers to send him statistics—the statistics of their emotions. "How did you feel at your first communion?" and on various other intimate occasions, M. E. DE GONCOURT inquired. He wanted "documents" for naturalistic novels; we do not know whether he obtained them. Mr. GALTON makes things easier by allowing his correspondents to use mottoes and similar devices. He publishes two albums, a "Record of Family Faculties" and a "Life History Album," with blank tables duly arranged, and these tables are to be filled up by the curious who desire a share of 500*l.* The author of the Albums expects a good deal of assistance from ladies. Details of "teething," anecdotes of infant phenomena, much occupy ladies, and are retained in the memories of grandmothers after they have forgotten almost everything else. "A family inquiry greatly interests them, and they are zealous correspondents." They are indeed.

Useful as these inquiries may prove to science, we cannot conceal our opinion that they will encourage morbid brooding over matters best left "between the hands and on the knees of gods." The "Life History Album" is a peculiarly gruesome document. We often hear it said of this or that young lady that "she has a history." The patient would like nothing less than to have that history known. The less we think of our histories the better. A character well known in sporting circles has registered a vow "never to look back." Looking back is terrible work. The further we look the less we like it. We may happen to have watched the declining years of a father or a mother. Mr. GALTON wishes us to write down all about it. We may know that gout, or madness, or consumption, or any other terrible malady, are "in the family." Is it well to fix the mind on their gradual conquest of our dearest kinsfolk, and to look out for the first appearance of the conqueror on our own little territory? "That way madness lies," or suicide. We are all men condemned, with reprieves of indefinite length. It is not agreeable to parade the skeleton at every feast, to reckon up too curiously the instruments in the enemy's torture chamber; to speculate how the rack feels, and how the pilniwinks. Do not let us fix our minds on a contemplation of our spleens, or devote much serious thought to our lungs and livers. Professional physicians can make these notes on themselves and their patients with scientific calmness. The layman is almost certain to become a professional hypochondriac if he once sets to work to reckon up himself, his chances, and his children's chances in the "Life History Album." In this voyage of life we must be more or less reckless adventurers, if we are to venture at all. Don't let us record every cigarette, or be curious to mark the effect of every hour's work on the heart or the chest. The man who is always weighing himself is lost. He will soon take to weighing his food and measuring himself out allowances of milk-and-water.

Mr. GALTON, who is doubtless quite incapable of being "alarmed about himself," puts a very terrifying instrument into the hands of a nervous public when he offers them the Album. "It is to be a record of your Biological experience." "Thank you," we may reply; "but we prefer the faculty, which THEMISTOCLES envied, of forgetting, especially of forgetting our Biological experience." From the first pill of buoyant and trustful childhood onward, his biological experience is a thing a man likes to "let slide." This may be unscientific, it may be imprudent, but it is very human. A few facts are deeply impressed, of course—such facts as the imprudence of eating much ice- pudding, or partaking impartially of all the wines at a public dinner. So far, every man of thirty is qualified to be his own doctor. Of course he does not always take his own advice, just as "the wolf can't keep himself from his own door." Still, most of us know what is right; and we don't want any more biological experience than that unavoidable medium. Mr. GALTON, however, will find some people only too happy to rummage in their memories, people ready to constitute themselves "Ministers of the Interior," not of themselves alone, but of their relations. Mr. GALTON furnishes them, in the Album, with the necessary "portfolio." First the Minister will draw up a "carefully-prepared family medical history." He will "draw" his grandmother or his old nurse on the

subject of croup. He will listen with positive eagerness to his hypochondriac uncle's revelations about his liver—confidences which hitherto have not possessed much interest. He will remember as well as he can all about his own and his brother's experiences of chicken-pox. "Minute inquiries should be made of all surviving relatives," says Mr. GALTON. Sometimes these very minute inquiries will not be received in a kindly or scientific spirit. One can imagine questions which would get the questioner kicked out of the house. Let the young be especially careful. One uncle may make you his heir because you besiege him with queries about his digestion; while another, if you try the same tack with him, will never speak to you again. We can easily fancy a rattling Palais Royal farce founded on the indiscreet use of the "Life History Album." The complications which may ensue are incalculable and comic. But the topic could only be properly and scientifically treated in French and at the Palais Royal. We therefore reluctantly suppress the outline of a farce that thrusts itself unbidden on the constructive fancy.

When you have "drawn" (perhaps in both slang senses of the word) your surviving relatives, you are to correct their replies by the statements of their doctors. Just fancy the golden time of famous physicians occupied by inquirers who want a share of the fool. Why the prize would not pay the preliminary expenses, even if the doctors condescended to give an answer at all, which probably they would decline to do.

Dangerous as it is to practise on our uncles and aunts, it is still more perilous, as we have tried to show, to practise on ourselves. We shall soon convince ourselves that we have every disease that ever carried off any of our ancestors, and every other disease that ingenious fancy can suggest. The poor little children, too, finding all this pother made about them, will grow up professional hypochondriacs. They will always be anxiously trying how much they can pull, how far they can see, how much they weigh, how wide they are round the chest, how little food will support life, or (in a perverse and daring spirit) how much they can eat without suffering unpleasant consequences. The game may be played safely with children up to the age of two, but after that we think it is unsafe. Possibly, but not probably, the infant will acquire a scientific calmness. More likely it will become a nervous, introspective, little wretch, always feeling its own pulse, and "taking a pull" at nothing more convivial than the strength-registering machine. These are gloomy but sincere forebodings. We are afraid that Mr. GALTON, in the sacred cause of science, may be founding the practice of hypochondria as a fine art.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

THE chronic disease of the British army is perpetually showing itself in fresh symptoms, or rather by the same symptom under slightly varied forms. The malady of that much-tinkered force is, and long has been, want of men. Only a few weeks ago recruits could not be got for any part of it in sufficient numbers, and the War Office was reduced to the most comic expedients. The post-mistress and the rural policeman were to be called in to help the recruiting-sergeant. Now, however, we are asked to believe that their services were not so very necessary after all. Mr. CHILDERS is able to assert that thirty thousand men have presented themselves for enlistment, and the *Standard* is in a position to assert with more confidence than lucidity that "the Infantry is being recruited at a rate" "which at present more than meets an exceptional drain for two years caused by a concurrence of peculiar circumstances." If all be good that is upcome, there does not seem to be much ground for the late terrors of the War Office. But except members of Parliament who will grasp at anything as an excuse for not increasing the Budget, and that part of the press which is committed to the support of short service and to the theories of our "only General," nobody is so credulous as not to discount the figures of Mr. CHILDERS. Thirty thousand men is rather less than will be needed to keep the army at its proper strength according to Lord CARDWELL's scheme, but as that number has come forward already, it may be taken for granted that we shall have as many men as we need before the administrative year is over. All that is wanted to make Mr. CHILDERS's figures perfectly satisfactory is that the thirty thousand should be such men as can be turned into effective soldiers. That,

however, is a point on which Mr. CHILDERS observed a judicious silence. He said nothing at all as to what percentage of the men who present themselves are passed by the doctors. They will reject as few as they can, no doubt, but they must refuse some. By dint, however, of winking very hard, and accepting boys of some five feet high and thirty inches of chest measurement, it is probably just possible to keep the infantry up to its proper strength after a fashion, and another difficulty may be tided over for a few months by another makeshift, according to the statesmanlike practice of English army administration.

There is one very easy way of finding out how far the War Office is having recourse to the old trick of making quantity do duty for quality. The ranks of the Infantry may be filled by a very inferior stamp of recruits at a pinch, and they may serve their turn, but the Artillery must have men of some physical strength, and cannot be put off with weedy boys who cannot be employed to move heavy weights. Now it so happens that, just as we are being overrun with recruits according to the frank official statements of Mr. CHILDERS, the Artillery is so short of men that there is absolutely some talk of reducing the number of batteries maintained on the peace establishment. Innumerable letters have been written to account for this melancholy state of things. One wiseacre accounts for it on the ground that the recruiting-sergeant does not take trouble enough to get men, which is probably the most absurd explanation which has ever yet been given of any phenomenon. The men of the working classes are ignorant of many things; but they do know exactly how to get into the army, and what to expect when they have done so. The hard work is supposed by others to account for the unwillingness of men to enter the Artillery. There are very few men in the world who work hard if they can help it; nevertheless volunteers can be found for the hardest tasks on certain conditions. There are men who are at work by three o'clock in the morning in warehouses or market-places, and who do a day's work afterwards elsewhere. A walk through the Docks will show anybody that London contains tens of thousands of powerful men who are ready to undertake almost any amount of toil—on the condition that they are properly paid. It is quite unnecessary to waste ingenuity in finding explanations of what is almost self-evident. The British army in general is short of men, and has to put up with many deficiencies in those it does get, because it is not worth the while of a strong workman to enter the ranks while he can earn far more elsewhere. Of course the Artillery, which needs a particularly good stamp of recruit, suffers more than the Infantry, which need not be so exacting.

Whenever the difficulty of finding recruits for the army is honestly dealt with, it is infallibly found that the inquirer ends by deciding that it is all a question of pay. Sooner or later the same conviction will be forced on everybody. Indeed, we doubt whether, out of Parliament, one man would be found out of a hundred to deny it. However that may be, it is certain that actual and possible Secretaries of State for War and First Lords of the Treasury will recognize the fact as late as possible. They will try everything else before an increase of the Budget. That large section of the press which is bound to find the present system a good one (for had it not praised it all along? and is not short service and the rest of it good in the eyes of Lord WOLSELEY?) will continue to render what help it can by shirking facts and suggesting expedients. A correspondent of the *Standard* has adopted a notable scheme for getting the Artillery into a proper condition. He has observed that young men of the middle class are hard to start in life; and, combining this with his information about the Artillery, has arrived at the conclusion that the one difficulty may be utilized to correct the other. Only let the Government reserve certain batteries to be manned exclusively by gentlemen, and "our boys" will be ready to serve, whereby their parents will be relieved and the State well served. The advocates of the scheme all overlook one fact which we should have thought was patent enough to everybody—namely, that young men of the middle class show a marked preference for professions in which a decent salary can be obtained at once, and which offer them at least some chance of ultimately attaining to positions of dignity and emolument. Will the Artillery do that? Probably not to a sufficient extent. In fact this suggestion is by no means so new as the *Standard's* correspondent imagines. It was made a long while ago by some wiseacre on a Com-

mittee to the Duke of WELLINGTON. The answer of the DUKE disposed of it for ever. He pointed out that we have long had a corps officially composed of gentlemen—the Life Guards—but that it was not found that gentlemen entered it in any great numbers. The two regiments of the Life Guards are indeed recruited from a very superior stamp of men, but that is not because they are called gentlemen, but because they are better paid than other soldiers, are always sure of occupying pleasant quarters, and have many ways of making money. They would gain very little by being filled with the failures of the middle class. We wish to see the whole army formed of as good men as go into the Life Guards; but we think high pay is more likely to produce such a happy state of things than the plan which has been called “appropriate enough to the occasion to be seriously considered.”

THE LONDON POLICE.

IN one important respect the character of the London police, and, it may be added, of the police all over the country, undoubtedly stands high. It is seldom that we hear of acts of violence or tyranny on their part, or of that vexatious and inquisitorial treatment of the public which characterizes the police in some Continental countries. Occasionally, it is true, cases of this kind are brought to light. Thus, in the papers of Wednesday last, it was reported that two policemen were convicted at the Surrey Sessions of a brutal assault on an inoffensive person whom they mistook for another against whom they had a grudge, and were sentenced in consequence to eighteen months' hard labour. On the whole, however, it must be said that they abuse their powers but rarely. The desire, also, to worry and annoy, which seems inborn in the French official of every kind, finds no counterpart on this side of the Channel; nor, if it did, would it be tolerated for a moment by public opinion. In these respects there is little to find fault with at present or to apprehend for the future. But, though the police cannot in general be charged with exceeding their duties, it is another matter whether they can be as truly said to fulfil them. The famous trial of the detectives a few years ago opened the eyes of the public to the fact that all of the police are not incorruptible, and to the possibility that the corruption might not be confined to those who had been found out. And, unless common report rests upon no basis whatever, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that not a few offences and nuisances escape punishment solely from the fact that many of the police find it more profitable to keep silence than to speak. Let us give an instance which has not appeared in print, but the accuracy of which is attested on the best authority. In a certain part of London, and not far from some of the best houses in it, there is a public-house with a good-sized garden behind it. The latter during the summer is often used for concerts, to the no small annoyance of many in the neighbourhood. The public-house, however, holds a licence for music; and, as long as this remains the case, those who live near have to put up with the nuisance. To music, however, the landlord (holding no dancing licence) added dancing, or what appeared to be such when seen from the windows of a neighbouring house. The performances, we may explain, took place in a temporary booth, open at the sides, which was put up in the garden. To make matters worse, the words of the songs given, which were distinctly audible beyond the premises, were offensive and profane. These facts having been clearly ascertained, the police were informed of them, and an appointment was made with an Inspector to come and see for himself. In order not to be recognized, he preferred not to go himself to the concert, but to watch the scene from a neighbouring window. When the evening for the appointment came, which happened to be that of the last concert of the season, it proved needless to send for the Inspector, for it at once became evident that the landlord had got wind of the affair, as a screen had been for the first time erected, with the object and with the result of both deadening the sound of the voices and of cutting off the view. The complaint against the public-house was, however, taken down, and in due course handed in by the Inspector. But when the time came for renewing the licence of the house, the Inspector in question, whose place it was to attend the magistrates' meeting, and who was willing and anxious to give evidence on the subject, was not sent. Another was substituted for him, and the complaint, which would certainly have put a stop

to the nuisance for the future, and might have cost the publican his licence, was never laid before the magistrates at all.

Here is a case which, as common sense tells us, can hardly be explained, if the facts be as stated, except on the supposition that some of the police not only connive at illegal proceedings, but actually conspire to defeat the ends of justice. And if this be the case, it is beyond a doubt that those who do so get what they think an equivalent from those whose malpractices they hide. There are one or two plain questions which those who are responsible for the efficiency of the London police would do well to consider with due care. Is it, as common report declares it to be, a not unusual thing for members of the police force (and these not of the lowest rank) to receive gratuities of various kinds from publicans? Is it untrue that the police can obtain good entertainment, at no charge at all, in public-houses during the hours when the law requires them to be closed? Is it, or is it not, a fact that persons of some authority in the force receive presents in the form of money, hampers of wine, Christmas baskets, and the like, from publicans and others whom it is their duty to keep an eye on? We have heard before now of the suggestion that the best way to solve the liquor question would be to allow unlimited free-trade in alcohol, but at the same time to establish a police-law of the most stringent kind. We have no doubt that such an arrangement would work admirably on either of two conditions—first, that the community was by nature or habit temperate, or, secondly, that, however given to drink the community might be, the police, at any rate, was incorruptible. But neither of these conditions is likely to be realized just now. The community contains a large minority of drunken people and the police a minority, let us hope not a large minority, of corruptible members. If the appointed guardians of public order and morality need themselves to be supervised, the best and only mode of supervision which can be found is the watchfulness of public opinion.

Nor are publicans the only class of persons on whose relations with members of the police suspicion may be said to rest. From the inquest held a few days ago on the body of a woman murdered in a house kept for immoral purposes, it appeared that eight of such houses were kept by one person in a single square in Westminster. In these houses disorder seems to be habitual. And there are multitudes of others scattered all over London, in or connected with which enough disorder takes place to constitute them a nuisance to neighbours and to depreciate the value of neighbouring property. We are in favour of no new and paternal legislation with regard to such houses. Common sense and experience alike show that such legislation is not only futile, but actually tends to increase the evils which it seeks to cure. But why is not the existing law applied more freely? Is it or is it not true that members of the police constantly receive bribes from the keepers of these houses? Cases like the following are of frequent occurrence. A respectable person living close to a house of this character finds the neighbourhood intolerable. He complains to the police, and, finding that repeated complaints are useless, is forced to incur the trouble and expense of changing his dwelling. Now, if the keepers of such houses in no way violate the law, what motive have they for offering money to the police? We believe that the matter is one which requires strict investigation at the hands of the proper authorities. It is certain that an enormous amount of corruption of this kind may exist without the public knowing anything about it, or even the chief officials of the police force obtaining definite proof of it. Those who are guilty naturally screen one another, and many who might otherwise be disposed to tell the truth about their fellows have the fear of a *tu quoque* before their eyes. Even those who are themselves innocent are not likely to go out of their way to publish the fact that a comrade has taken a sovereign or a couple of bottles of champagne to hold his tongue. A mistaken sense of honour on the part of the innocent, and the collusion among themselves of the guilty, may thus combine to conceal cases of habitual corruption. We do not charge the police as a whole with this. But there is good reason to fear that it occurs in a far larger number of cases than is generally supposed, and that the interests of those by whom the police are paid, and whom it is the duty of the police to protect, suffer thereby not a little. The importance of the subject is the more serious when we reflect that evils of this kind, if they exist at all, do not remain stationary. The

impunity of those who offend naturally suggests to others that there can be no great harm in turning a dishonest penny, still less a dishonest sovereign or five-pound note. To the public the matter is one of an importance which it is hard to estimate too highly; and we trust it may always be looked upon in that light by those who are responsible for the efficiency of the police.

SPAIN.

THE political condition of Spain may well perplex foreign observers, as it receives no satisfactory explanation from the orators and journalists who are contending for influence and office. After an interval of three or four months the cause of the last change of Ministry still remains obscure, though the most plausible theory attributes the crisis to the wish of the late Prime Minister to separate himself from some unpopular colleagues. According to constitutional precedents, which, indeed, English critics are perhaps too ready to apply to other countries, there was no sufficient reason either for Señor SAGASTA's resignation or for his later refusal to resume office. The retirement of the Minister of War would have relieved the Cabinet from the discredit which resulted from the mutinies at Badajoz and Seo d'Urgel. There is no doubt that Señor MARTINEZ CAMPOS was an unsuccessful administrator; and he appears to have incurred general dislike both within and without the ranks of the army. The great service which he had rendered to the KING by promoting or facilitating his accession may perhaps, in one point of view, have tended to alienate the confidence of his countrymen. The restoration was in the highest degree advantageous to the nation; but it was unfortunately effected by a military leader who, in accordance with a bad Spanish custom, used his professional position for political purposes. The Foreign Minister, the Marquess of VEGA ARMILLOS, had also accumulated upon himself a mass of popular dislike. He was the representative of a retrograde policy at home; and as a diplomatist he was neither conciliatory nor unsuccessful. If any other members of the Cabinet had made themselves objectionable in the judgment of their chief, he would have lost no strength by dispensing with their services. The Moderate Liberal party, of which Señor SAGASTA is the leader, still commands a steady majority in the Lower House of the Cortes, and, unlike parties which have the same name in some other countries, it has a definite and reasonable policy. As against the Extreme Conservatives, the Liberals favour comparative freedom of trade and toleration; but the point on which they are most thoroughly united among themselves is their rejection of Democratic innovations. Whatever may be the personal wishes of the KING, he ostensibly desired to retain the Government which then existed.

The confusion of parties which has since disclosed itself began with the establishment of the body which calls itself the Democratic Union. That it was a combination formed for factious objects rather than an organ of any political principle might be inferred from the history and character of its celebrated or notorious chief. Marshal SERRANO has held high office as a Court favourite, as a military adventurer, and as a revolutionary leader, and he has been Regent of Spain; but it had not been suspected that he was at any time actuated by political enthusiasm. The professed object of the new party was to extend democratic influence by extension of the suffrage, and especially by the revival of the Constitution which was passed during the interregnum which followed the dethronement of ISABELLA II. The existing Constitution of 1876 was framed, principally by Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, soon after the restoration of the monarchy. The Democratic Union was disappointed in its expectation of immediately overthrowing the Liberal Ministry. Some advanced politicians seem to have preferred Señor SAGASTA to Marshal SERRANO; and the Republican leaders for the most part remained neutral. The new coalition must nevertheless have possessed considerable power, for on the resignation of Señor SAGASTA some of them took office, while others held themselves aloof, with the purpose, as later experience has shown, of enjoying power and patronage without official responsibility. Marshal SERRANO himself accepted the Paris Embassy, while his able and ambitious nephew, General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ, succeeded Señor MARTINEZ CAMPOS as Minister of War. Señor POSADA HERRERA, now Prime Minister, has hitherto been esteemed a temperate politician; but he concurs with his colleagues in professing the dangerous experi-

ment of universal suffrage. Señor SAGASTA, though he has consented to undertake for the present the neutral post of President of the Congress, can rely on the majority which has hitherto followed him to defeat, as long as the present Cortes last, the democratic proposals of the Government; but it is generally understood that a dissolution is impending, and a general election in Spain generally results in the return of a majority pledged to support the Minister of the day.

The question, therefore, which immediately engrosses the interest of Spanish politicians is whether the Moderate Liberals, the Democrats, or the Conservatives shall hold office at the time of the dissolution. The contention of the PRIME MINISTER implies little confidence in the doctrines which he has suddenly adopted, that there was no danger in universal suffrage, and that Democracy was not incompatible with Royalty. His recent speech has been universally condemned. Intelligent Spaniards listen with distasteful surprise to a Prime Minister who flippantly assures the Congress that universal suffrage involves only a trivial change. Englishmen are sufficiently familiar with the sophisms by which timid and pliable Liberals habitually extenuate their own deference to more resolute partisans of innovation. The friends and opponents of universal suffrage in Spain or in England are fully aware of the practical and formidable character of government by the multitude. It is not for the purpose of maintaining existing institutions that demagogues propose to transfer all political power into the hands of a class which, as they hope, will obey their bidding. The PRIME MINISTER will not deceive the majority of the Congress which still adheres to its former principles; but his smooth assurances may perhaps be addressed to the KING, with whom the power of terminating the crisis practically rests. It is not known whether he will retain the present Cabinet, or once more press Señor SAGASTA to resume power, or perhaps entrust his early friend Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO with the formation of a Government. Either the Conservatives or the Radicals would find it necessary to dissolve the Cortes, and perhaps the Moderate Liberals might voluntarily follow the same course. If a Cortes could be found to support the policy of the Democratic Union, the monarchy would be exposed to serious risk. Even if a less Radical majority is elected, there are in Spain other dangers besides those which result from the dishonesty or folly of Parliaments.

It is impossible to test the accuracy of rumours which are widely spread as to the disaffection of the army. The intrigues of ZORRILLA with military officers and his subsequent apology for the mutineers have caused well-founded alarm. It is said that at present mutinous tendencies prevail rather among the privates and non-commissioned officers than in the higher ranks of the service; but it is generally believed that disorganization is widely spread. General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ is taking energetic measures to secure discipline and loyalty; and amongst other changes he is trying the experiment of raising the pay of the rank and file and of the sergeants. He proposes to obtain the necessary funds for the purpose by reducing the numbers of the army; and both measures seem at a distance plausible or judicious. General DOMINGUEZ has, nevertheless, been violently attacked by his predecessor at the War Office and by other opponents; and on one occasion he answered, with questionable propriety and prudence, that he would appeal to the judgment of the army. The decision of soldiers on the question whether their pay shall be increased may be anticipated with confidence; and there is a sense in which an appeal to the army by a Spanish Minister would be the worst of crimes. It is probable that the words were spoken in a moment of irritation, and that General DOMINGUEZ only intended to refer to the professional opinion of competent judges.

The probability of Ministerial changes renders uncertain the conclusion of the commercial treaty with England. The present Ministers have, during the discussion of the Spanish tariff and the English wine duties, been more conciliatory and more liberal than their predecessors. If Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and the Conservative party succeed to office, the long negotiation may perhaps after all be rendered abortive. The Catalonian manufacturers, who care nothing for the wine producers of the South, have already organized an active opposition to the new convention; and, as might be expected, the wine-growers are not satisfied with the proposed modification of the alcoholic standard. Political factions in their struggles for power are often tempted to sacrifice public interests for the sake of purchasing support. Señor MORET has proved himself an enlightened economist.

Among possible candidates for the office of Prime Minister is Señor CANACHO, who is considered the ablest Spanish financier of the present day; but the selection of Ministers will depend on circumstances and qualifications which have little relation to commercial policy.

UTOPIA IN PICCADILLY.

THE great Mr. GEORGE is back among us, and it is interesting to learn, as Mr. CARLYLE once remarked about somebody else, that he is "in moderately good spirits." He has had a reception on his arrival in Euston Square to which it is to be feared that the fierce democracy of his own country would apply the derogatory term *bogus*. For it seems that Mr. GEORGE did not then arrive in London, but had merely gone down the line somewhere, to the advantage doubtless of the funds of the North-Western Railway Company, and come back again to be received. He has been interviewed, and has expressed his opinion that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a man who will stick at nothing. The American and English languages apparently differing in the signification to be attached to this phrase, it is perhaps right to explain that Mr. GEORGE seems to have regarded it as a compliment. He did not very clearly explain to the interviewer how he is going to get on with his friends of the Democratic Federation, whose chief, Mr. HYNDMAN, has recently pronounced him to be fundamentally unsound, and he still less explained what to most people is the great puzzle of his position. The landowners whom he is going to expropriate without compensation are not very likely to help him—that is clear. The land-occupiers, who will simply have to pay their rent to a tax-gatherer instead of an agent, can have no interest in political economy as it may be in Georgium Sidus. Of the rest of the nation, who are to have their taxes paid for them at the expense of landlords and farmers, at least a considerable number, little as they like tax-paying, have no desire to throw their obligations on anybody else, and a very shrewd notion that Mr. GEORGE's gift would turn out one very dubiously beneficial. A few crack-brained theorists, and a rather larger number of greedy Have-nots, make up the constituency to which Mr. GEORGE can directly appeal, and this is a constituency which is rather "thin." His Irish friends are wiser, and offer the landlord's land directly to the landlord's tenant. Mr. GEORGE does not. More than one visitor to St. James's Hall on Wednesday night must have been curious to see if Mr. GEORGE would show any consciousness of these obvious things.

If any such visitor was so curious, and if any such curiosity was felt by any reader of Mr. GEORGE's speech next morning, the only result can have been disappointment. Mr. GEORGE's cheap insolence to the Queen of ENGLAND, though it would have been satisfactory to see it properly resented, is a matter which does not require much comment. If Mr. GEORGE fancies that a bishop "gets money for which he does not work," that only shows that Mr. GEORGE is an even more ignorant person than he might have been supposed to be. But what may be called the ornaments of his speech—the usual commonplaces of Republican and Democratic eloquence—though less familiar, are not much more noteworthy on the platform of St. James's Hall than in the columns of the New York "Daily Sewer" or the Philadelphia "Earwig." All that is taken for granted; and Mr. GEORGE is only worth listening to or commenting on when he is mounted on his own particular hobby. It is in reference to land nationalization itself that the curiosity above referred to could be felt, and in reference to land nationalization only. The proposal could be justified, if it could be justified at all, in two ways—by such an historical argument as was attempted by the defenders of the Irish Land Act, or by a high *priori* demonstration of abstract right to land. It is true that, if either or both these defences were successful, the objection would remain that all experience of business, all reading of history, and all study of human nature, show that the land nationalization scheme, if put in force, could never continue to work. To mention only one of a hundred arguments, no agricultural population could afford to pay an unvarying rent independent of the seasons, and no State could afford to depend on a varying rent dependent on those seasons. But this is beside the question. Granting it to be impossible for Mr. GEORGE to prove his plan expedient, he might be expected to show that it had what

is by some people considered separable from and preferable to expediency—justice. And, as a matter of fact, Mr. GEORGE did valiantly try both the historical and the intuitive methods. Of his excursion into the former, it is sufficient to say that he declared that "the ancestors of the present landlords obtained their lands by throwing the taxes on the people," and that "in the ancient times all the national expenses were paid out of the rent of the land." Mr. GEORGE, like many of his countrymen, is very likely a person of indifferent education, and he may be unaware that both these statements are utterly false. Where he got them from it is difficult to say. But perhaps a famous epigram may here apply with a slight alteration. Though Mr. HYNDMAN does not think Mr. GEORGE an economist, it is possible that Mr. GEORGE goes to Mr. HYNDMAN for history. But to argue with a man who persists in assuming notoriously false premises becomes impossible. It is necessary, therefore, to give Mr. GEORGE up on the historical side and come to the philosophical. "The land of England by virtue of the grant of the living God belongs to the whole people of England." We are not so fond of bandying certain names as Mr. GEORGE and philosophers of his kidney appear to be. But it may be delicately hinted to Mr. GEORGE that there are a good many grants of the same kind alleged to be in existence, and that all of them have the drawback of being verifiable with very great difficulty. If somebody were to inform Mr. GEORGE that he had a divine commission to hang him, Mr. GEORGE, up to the next lamp-post, Mr. GEORGE would probably entertain grave doubts of the validity of the instrument, and would not be satisfied with the Commissioner's assurance. In the same way the landlords, with a great many people who are not landlords, and have no chance of ever being landlords, will feel disposed to apply a *quo warranto* to this large charter which Mr. GEORGE has discovered. But, in truth, to argue with Mr. GEORGE on this score is nearly as absurd as to argue with him on the other. When a man gets to the point of declaring private property in land to be "blasphemously wicked" there is nothing more to be said. We have got into the region of propositions of the "abracadabra is a second intention" order, and no one who has not graduated in the University of Bedlam can hope to conduct the disputation with propriety.

In himself Mr. HENRY GEORGE is a very unimportant person. If, as has been said, though it is very doubtful, he has "become a power in England," it is merely because some other persons who loudly profess their disapproval of his doctrines are dishonest enough to welcome him as an instrument in furthering their political views. He may be useful, it seems to be thought, in the coming crusade against the English landlords, and it is well not to discourage friends. It is interesting to contemplate this spectacle of alliance between a moral party and an agitator, whom not the least advanced organ of that party describes as holding doctrines which add the morally wrong to the economically untenable. But it is quite possible that after due meditation on Mr. GEORGE's history and Mr. GEORGE's acquaintance with the *Baga de secretis* of the Divine Record Office, the Radical party will come to see that Mr. GEORGE's ethics are not so very wrong after all, and his economics not so fundamentally unsound. The true safeguard against the monstrous and pernicious folly which he preaches has been indicated above. Its tendency is directly to injure a vast number of persons, and only indirectly to benefit others. For Mr. GEORGE is quite consistent. His doctrine applies not merely to large estates, but to small; not merely to agricultural land, but to towns. Not merely, therefore, the Duke of WESTMINSTER and the Duke of SUTHERLAND, but every town dweller who wholly or partially owns his house, every man of the middle class who has bought a country box or a model farm, every working-man who belongs to a Building Society, will be deprived at a stroke, without compensation, of whatever invested or inherited interest, in fee simple or temporary, he has in land, whether ploughed or built over, whether mined or pastured. To all these persons of every degree add the vast array of occupiers who must exchange their landlords without apparent benefit to themselves, except the happy sense that their skill and labour are paying taxes for others, and it will be seen that, in the simple motive-spring of self-interest, enough power can be found to resist Mr. GEORGE's theories, even if they are backed by a few crazy enthusiasts, by a good many dishonest politicians, and by a certain following of the riff-raff of the towns. If they were capable of being argued or

of bearing argument, it is not to this consideration that it would be best to look. But, as they are beneath the serious attention of the thinker, they are best treated from the point of view of the practical politician.

THE REVIVAL OF NIHILISM.

IT was so long since we had heard of the Nihilists that the news of their last feat came with a certain shock. The murder of Colonel SUDEIKIN was indeed well calculated to strike the imagination of the world. He was a chief of the police, the head of what is still practically the Third Section; he had long been a bitter enemy of the Nihilists and their most successful persecutor; only a few weeks ago it looked as if he had been victorious in the struggle, and yet he has been suddenly struck down. The fact that he was murdered by one of his own most trusted subordinates has added to the horrors of his murder. It looks as if no Russian Minister would ever again be able to trust his officials. No man could possibly have given better security for his fidelity than DEGAYEFF. He had been a Nihilist, and had betrayed his fellow-conspirators to save himself from the gallows or Siberia. For years he had served the police apparently with the greatest zeal. He is generally credited with having caused the capture of several of the Nihilist leaders who have fallen into the hands of the police during the past months. Such a traitor would appear to have no choice but to be true to his chief. He could apparently have no hope of safety in the world except in the protection of Colonel SUDEIKIN, and yet it is by this very man that the Chief of the Police has been murdered. Indeed, nobody else could well have found an opportunity. If he had not thought himself safe in the house of a man who had given so many pledges for his loyalty, the Colonel would scarcely have been found unarmed, as he seems to have been, or have allowed others of his agents to get out of earshot. DEGAYEFF's feat, too, will still further convince the world that Nihilist enthusiasm has the virtue of devotion in a wonderful degree. With the help of a little romancing, it will be easy to maintain that he has never ceased to be a Nihilist agent at all, that he has only been pretending to serve the police, and has really been waiting for his opportunity. The Nihilist exiles and their friends have naturally cited all this as a proof that the enthusiasm and fidelity of their party are invincible.

It is perfectly natural that a murder of this kind should produce a profound impression. The killing of a high official in the discharge of his duty is always a defeat for the Government which he serves, but it is well not to exaggerate the probable consequences. As yet the Nihilists have utterly failed in attaining their avowed object. They profess to desire a reform in the Government of their country, and to be fighting for it with violence, since they cannot gain it by persuasion. It is now years since they began their course of terrorism.* In its course many much more considerable people than Colonel SUDEIKIN, nay, the very head of the Russian Empire himself, have lost their lives. The whole country has been kept in a continued state of fear and insecurity between the crimes of the revolutionists and the repressive measures of the police. At the end of it all the wished-for and much-needed reforms seem further off than ever. Even in the matter of loss of life, the balance seems to be on the whole in favour of the Government. The victims who have fallen in its service have been more conspicuous, but those on the other side have been by far the more numerous. For every high official whom the Nihilists have killed, scores, and even hundreds, of themselves and their sympathizers have been sent to death or to those prolonged sufferings in prison or in Siberia which, from the reports of competent witnesses, would appear to be worse than death. The enthusiasm of the revolutionary party has apparently aroused an equally fierce feeling among the supporters of authority. There are men in Russia who believe in the autocratic government of the CZAR as a sacred principle quite as ardently as the revolutionary party do in their cause. Allowing that the latter are inspired wholly by feelings of a respectable kind, and do, however mistakenly, believe that they are working for the ultimate good of Russia, there is abundant evidence that they are being opposed from exactly similar motives. As one official falls another is found to take his place. In a struggle of this kind the party which wields the whole machinery of the State must necessarily have a great

advantage. It has resources which its opponents must necessarily be without, and, moreover, it has the incalculable advantage of being able to represent its adversaries as the enemies of all order and civilization. In such a struggle the administration can always be sure of a great deal of quiet sympathy and support even from men who think there is much in it which needs reform. The conversation of the *Standard's* Correspondent, reported in yesterday's paper, with a Russian statesman, was no doubt intended to show the world that the murder of SUDEIKIN has not terrified his superiors, but may be believed to contain a large element of truth. If much of the enthusiasm and courage of the Russian people was not enlisted on the side of the CZAR, his Government would long ago have fallen. As it is, the fight is between two equally resolute enemies, supposing the Nihilists to be all they profess to be, and of the two it is the better armed who will probably win.

But it is by no means to be taken for granted that the Nihilists are acting wholly on the lofty motives with which they are credited. The Russian is capable of very savage forms of enthusiasm. Some of the men, and a larger proportion of the women, who take part in these crimes, doubtless devote themselves to what they believe to be a holy work. Without such tools, not even the basest campaign against law and order can be long carried on. Whether, however, the directors in the fight are equally disinterested is another question. It is significant that terrorism was not adopted as a method of party warfare till the acquittal of VERA SASSULITCH by a jury in St. Petersburg had encouraged her friends with hopes of immunity, and shown them that they might count on a good deal of popular sympathy. It was natural that the extreme badness of the Russian administration should be considered as some excuse for such a method, but at the point things have got to any further sympathy with the Nihilists is utterly out of place. The murderers of the CZAR may have been honest, though misguided, enthusiasts; but the movement has now obviously fallen into the hands of a stamp of men with whom we are sufficiently familiar. It is directed by exiles of the Irish-American stamp, who are in perfect safety themselves, and in the receipt of subscriptions—for which they must, as a mere matter of business, do something from time to time. What they must do to keep up their traditions is murder. When the enthusiasts are spent, hired ruffians will be used. It might then be contended that the trap laid for Colonel SUDEIKIN was no other than a repetition of the assassination of Mr. BURKE and Lord F. CAVENDISH, and that his murderers were scoundrels of the stamp of BRADY or KELLY. DEGAYEFF, according to such an assumption, would be a worse CAREY—a double and triple traitor. We may assert that the superiority of the English to the Russian Government is self-evident; but it is certain that war is being carried on against both by apparently similar methods. Assassination societies which are criminal in Dublin are no more respectable in St. Petersburg. It was not by murder that the emancipation of the serfs was brought about. The Russian administration stands in great need of reform, but it must be amended by people who have shown a respect for law and order, and have therefore given guarantees for their honesty, not by desperadoes who, under the cloak of a more or less genuine enthusiasm, employ the methods of vulgar cutthroats. Bad as the Russian Government is, it is now fighting in the interest of society. Its enemies are not reformers but anarchists. We may believe that it would do better to rely more openly on the sympathies of the orderly part of the Russian people; but it must be remembered that anything in the nature of a reform would now be looked upon as a concession to violence. It is not the least of the crimes of the Nihilists that they have in all probability made despotic government a necessity in Russia for another fifty years.

THE CORPORATION WATER BILL.

PARLIAMENT has certainly no reason to take pride in its private Bill legislation. Whenever complaints are made of the price or the quality of the water supplied to London, it turns out that the defences behind which the Companies entrench themselves have been created for them by statute. Thames water is compared with that in use in other great towns, and found to contain matter which the consumer would willingly have let die. But the difficulty of bringing water from some less discredited source is

immensely increased by the terms of the concessions originally made to the Companies, who regard the Thames as their own preserve; and these concessions were the work of Parliament. Londoners object to being charged, not for the water they really use, but for what it is assumed they must use, paying the rent they do; but the adoption of rating instead of consumption as the basis of charge is an achievement of legislative wisdom. When a householder has had a difference with his Water Company, and been made on one ground or another to pay more than he thinks he owes, he naturally scans with some discontent the price of the Company's shares and the handsome dividends by which that price is kept up. Ten per cent., he is told, is all that a Water Company ought to pay to its shareholders, and a public Act was passed nearly forty years ago to ensure that they should never exceed this rate. But in one way or another it is exceeded; and when the reason is inquired into, it is found in the provisions of some private Act. All these obstacles to the provision of a water supply which shall be at once pure, abundant, and cheap—and in the case of an article of such universal necessity these are not unreasonable requirements—have been placed in the way by Parliament. Those who try to remove them have to contend, not merely against the natural difficulties which belong to all costly undertakings, but against special difficulties created by our representatives and protectors. This fact is not to be regretted only on the ground that it makes the overcoming of these difficulties a matter of much time and cost. There is another inconvenience arising from it which, under present circumstances, is still more serious. The nature of the Water Companies' Acts disposes every one to pick holes in them; and when, as usually happens, no weak point can be discovered in the legislative armour by which the Companies are protected, we are apt to listen too favourably to the doctrine that the authority which has made can unmake, and that, if the Water Companies were called into being by the breath of Parliament, they need only continue in being while Parliament thinks fit to keep them alive. At the time when Sir RICHARD CROSS's abortive Bill was under discussion a great deal of unconscious Socialism was talked by people who ordinarily are firm believers in the sacredness of property; and much of what is said every day against the Water Companies might with very little change receive a much wider application. Title by Act of Parliament is spoken of as though it conferred only the slightest and most ephemeral claim to continued possession, instead of being the most precise and deliberate expression of the authority on which all property ultimately rests. This is, perhaps, the most serious consequence of our Private Bill system. The Acts which are the result of it are open to so many exceptions in point of wisdom and justice that those who suffer from them are tempted to catch at any theory which promises to show us how they may be overridden.

It is well to say this by way of caution when the Corporation of London are about to introduce a Bill to "regulate the supply of water to the metropolis, and all the places outside the metropolis within the limits of supply of the eight London Water Companies." The chief objects of this Bill will be to give consumers the option of being supplied with water by meter, and so of paying on what they actually use; to make the decision in DOBBS's case apply to all houses, and not merely to houses of which the owner or long leaseholder is also the occupier, to limit dividends to 10 per cent., and to forbid the payment of back dividends. All four of these objects are in themselves excellent. To pay for an article, the consumption of which is almost as various as it is universal, by a standard with which consumption has nothing to do is an extraordinarily clumsy proceeding. To have one rule by which to charge houses for which rent is paid, and another by which to charge those for which rent is not paid, is to introduce a needless inequality into a transaction which already is quite unequal enough. To pay back dividends out of the surplus remaining over and above the dividends of the current year is to make the prospect of any reduction in the price of water altogether illusory. But, when all this has been admitted, the fact remains that the possessions with which the Bill proposes to deal are just as much property as anything else that can be named, and that, however injudicious it may have been in the first instance to create such rights, large sums of money have been invested in these undertakings on the faith that, once created, these rights were wholly indefeasible. We are not arguing against the pro-

priety of subjecting the Water Companies' claims to the test of a rigid scrutiny. By all means let them be pared down to the very smallest amount that Parliament can be shown to have given them. But a scrutiny which goes beyond this point, and seeks to take away what Parliament has given, without paying compensation to those from whom it is taken, would be as much to be deprecated as any other kind of attack upon property. If a right conferred by Act of Parliament is not one which its holder may confidently maintain against all comers, it is hard to say where such confidence can be looked for.

We give this caution because in the Bill about to be introduced the Corporation do not propose to avail themselves of the weapon which above all others would bring the Companies to terms. Nothing is said in it of a rival supply from another source. It aims solely at the regulation of the existing Water Companies and of the water they sell. It contains nothing, therefore, that can justly alarm the Companies unless they have been exceeding their powers or have reason to fear that they may be deprived of what is rightly theirs. It may prove of course that they have been exceeding their powers, and in that case the Bill will be of great use. It will be surprising, however, if the legal acumen which the Companies have always been able to command has not enabled them to keep clear of this particular blunder.

DR. LASKER.

THOUGH the death of Dr. LASKER is not likely to have any immediate influence on German politics, it is an event that deserves something more than a passing mention. He had won the respect of every party in the Empire by his legal attainments, his clear and sharp insight, his perfect disinterestedness, and the efforts he constantly made to judge every question that arose on its own merits, and so he will be mourned by many who did not share his opinions, and who deeply regretted the course which he thought it right to adopt during the last few years. That he did not break through old ties without deep pain we may be sure, and also that he did so only from the purest motives. He was desirous neither of social nor of political distinction; the former was distasteful to him, and he never sought the latter. He was ambitious, but it was only to see his country provided with what he considered the constitution and the laws best adapted to it; and in order to attain this end he was ready to be the servant of all.

If we except Prince BISMARCK, there is only one living German politician who has deserved so well of his country as the man who has just fallen asleep on foreign soil. Though but recently elected to Parliament, he had already distinguished himself as a Liberal orator, and gained a wide influence in the Prussian Chamber by his talent for business when the war with Austria broke out. The whole country was then so infuriated against the Government that in provincial towns the news that barricades had been built in Berlin was expected from day to day. All Germany seemed for the moment to be united against Herr von BISMARCK and his Royal Master, who had no one to depend upon except the official class and the squires of Prussia. Not only were all the Liberal groups, from the most moderate to the Radicals and the Socialists, prepared for extreme measures, but they were supported by the Catholics, and the reactionary politicians who looked upon Austria as their natural friend and protector, and by the Particularists of every shade, from the simple peasants who objected to every change to that small but highly cultured class who perceived that the mental progress of Germany had been in a great extent due to its political disunion, and who preferred an intellectual leadership to a political supremacy in Europe. Englishmen are too apt to forget how great a personal stake Prince BISMARCK had in the success of his policy in 1866. If the Prussian armies had been defeated, if they had even suffered a serious check, a revolution would have broken out, and he might have been brought to the block. He won; but Germany was still uncertain. The Austrian party was crushed, the Particularists were scattered, but the Liberals were still strong. Would they accept the new state of things, or would they continue their opposition? It was a question on which much depended, and on which very few had made up their minds. Berlin, for example, welcomed the victors

at Königgrätz with enthusiasm, and almost immediately proceeded to elect deputies who were pledged to undo all that they had done. It was Dr. LASKER's great merit that in this doubtful time he had the moral courage to confess he had been mistaken, and to join Herr VON BENNINGSEN in forming the National Liberal party. His action determined that of many who were faltering between a desire for the unification of their country and a hatred of the Minister who had rendered it possible.

In the debates on the Constitution of the North German Confederation Dr. LASKER had many opportunities of displaying his legal knowledge and acumen. Though by character and conviction an idealist, his mind was rather practical and critical than imaginative and creative, and these were perhaps the qualities which were most requisite in those who had frankly accepted the new order of things without abandoning their former Liberal opinions. The whole Constitution was a compromise, and that it took its present form and has hitherto worked so smoothly is, in a large extent, due to the changes in the Governmental proposals suggested by Dr. LASKER. His name will always be connected with these; but perhaps the influence he exercised over his political friends, of which the world has hitherto heard very little, was even more important. There was nothing half-hearted about him; he loyally entered into the new alliance, and when he saw that the Ministry was determined to carry a point, he induced his friends to yield it with a good grace.

That, after many years of sincere co-operation with the statesman who has done more than any other for Germany, he should have taken a place among the leaders of the Secessionists, and begun a violent opposition to him, may be a matter for regret, it can hardly be a cause of surprise. Dr. LASKER had made a study of political economy, and he was convinced that the financial policy of the Government was a mistake, and that State Socialism was a dream at least as dangerous as attractive. The breach was therefore necessary; but it was embittered by the memory of many shipwrecked hopes. There was a time when both Prince BISMARCK and Dr. LASKER in all probability imagined that they stood nearer to each other than they ever really did. It was generally believed among the National Liberals that the CHANCELLOR shared most of their opinions, that he was prevented by external influences from carrying them out more fully, and that a little occasional pressure was by no means disagreeable to him; while he, on his side, was generously eager to build golden bridges for his former opponents, and to make concessions upon every point that did not seem to him to be of vital importance. Neither politician would have been human if the discovery of the error in which they had both indulged had not left a sting; but even in the midst of the bitterest party conflicts Dr. LASKER spoke in private of Prince BISMARCK with personal respect, and of his policy with sincere though by no means unmixt admiration.

Into the details of Dr. LASKER's public life it is both impossible and needless to enter. By his death Germany has lost a man of unusual powers, wide culture, deep learning, unquestioned integrity, and rare unselfishness, and a politician whose name will always be honourably remembered in connexion with the great crisis of her history.

THE CORPS FUCHS.

DURING the spring and autumn vacations a German university town is almost deserted by the students who have gone home to economize, or somewhere else to amuse themselves. Quiet citizens then congregate in the beer-rooms from which they are banished at other seasons, and discuss the prosaic details of their business, where nothing less heroic than a duel could be mentioned a few weeks before; their sons pay assiduous and no longer unacceptable court to the servant girls who are out at dusk, and even venture to fill the night with their most sweet but rather unsteady voices, in a way that would bring summary vengeance upon them at any other time, while the watchman goes his rounds without any dread of a thrashing or hope of an invitation to a late supper. He walks boldly over the open places, blows his horn freely, and almost forgets the dark and cosy corners in which he has so often sought security. He is a town official, and has no right whatever over the students, except the somewhat illusory one of being permitted to ask to inspect their papers—a request which they are sure to refuse, and he is wise enough rarely to make; and so, if a party of the wilder Burschen happen to meet him on their way home from a drinking bout, they consider it almost a point of honour either to break his horn over his back or to make him drunk and incapable. Which course they adopt

depends very much on the humour of the moment and conduct of the prisoner, and the man who can most successfully avoid the one process and simulate the other is the model watchman. Now and then, when the young men have been having an unusually good time, and the inns are closed, one of them will propose to hunt Dogberry. Then the whole town is drawn, and as the official dare not leave the streets, he is pretty certain to be caught, when strange things happen. The representative of public order may be found bound securely to a convenient tree, with the signboard of a neighbouring inn, representing an ox, a bear, or a monkey, suspended above his head, while his horn is heard shrieking wildly and incoherently in secluded places during the rest of the night, or he himself may be seen tooting fiercely, but at the same time as noiselessly as possible, through the streets whose quiet he is employed to guard, at the head of a band of students, who are "rousing the night owl in a catch that would draw three souls out of one weaver." In any case, however, he is pretty certain to have assured his tormenters that he is quite unacquainted with their names or addresses before they bid him good-bye, and it will be unlucky for him if his memory happens to be quicker on the morrow. At least, such things were in days that have not long gone by; but since 1870 great changes have been wrought for the better in the manners of students as well as in more important matters in Germany. Still, even of old, the watchman was secure during the long vacations. He then not only enjoyed the whole dignity of his office unmolested, but he knew at least two places where he could always be sure of a supper and as much beer as he cared to drink before his duties began. *Was liebt sich, neckt sich*, says the German proverb. The student and the watchman loved each other, though the teasing was rough and mostly on one side, and even in the vacations two sets of students were kept at their post by a strict sense of duty, though not by any love of their studies. They were the representatives of the Corps and the Burschenschaften.

It would be interesting to trace the history of these student societies back to the period of the Thirty Years' War, or even the Middle Ages, but our space would not admit of this, and, for practical purposes, it is sufficient to remember that the Corps devote their undivided energies to fencing and beer-drinking, while the Burschenschaften vary these more serious studies by a good deal of political discussion. They both sprang from the old *Landmannschaften*, but the establishment of the Burschenschaft in 1815 was an endeavour to reform these, while the Corps have retained as much as possible of their old character, and consequently the enmity between the members of the two bodies is great.

In almost every university there are several Corps, whose members are always ready to fight each other, not only on the slightest provocation, but for the mere fun of the thing; that is, in term-time; as soon as the vacation commences, all enmity is laid aside. Each of the separate bodies selects some of its members whose duty it is to remain in town, and these at once fraternize. If you ask them why they stay in so dull a place, they will tell you they are there to catch foxes.

The German schoolboy is subjected to a number of restraints which an English youth of his age would consider intolerable; as soon as he enters the university he is permitted a license such as no one else enjoys. In all minor matters he is subject to academical and not to public law, and however strict the letter of the code may seem, the spirit in which it is expounded is one of perfect lenity. A breach of the peace which would bring fine or imprisonment upon others is in his case often punished only by a gentle rebuke in choice Latin, which is apt to become humorous if there be anything in the offence to justify a smile. And public opinion is as merciful as the law. Almost any excess is thought natural, and any wild freak pardonable in a student. Unless he be guilty of meanness, or some act of extreme brutality, he may be sure that his comrades will support him, and that the outside world will not judge him harshly. He is not even expected to pay his debts, at least for the present, and what does he care for the future? It is not, therefore, strange that, as soon as his last examinations are passed, the schoolboy should be eager to enter his new paradise, and should hurry to the university at the most unexpected times.

He is the fox for whom the representatives of the Corps are lying in wait, and as soon as he appears on their hunting ground, they are sure to be informed of it by some faithful scout. The devices they employ to entrap their prey are many and ingenious, but they resemble too closely the wiles of our old friend the recruiting sergeant to be worth narrating. The youth finds the veterans, whose prowess is attested by many a half-healed scar, the best of company. They show him the drinking-horns that are used at their banquets, and allow him to have a peep at their duelling swords every now and then. They are tolerant of his tipsy rudeness and his morning peevishness, and delight his leisure with wild tales of riot, for much of the spirit of Falstaff and his followers still survives in the German Corps.

It might be thought that the representatives of the different societies would be inclined to dispute as to the possession of the prize they have taken so much trouble to win; but this is rarely the case. No student is allowed to enter any of the Corps who cannot show that he is in possession of what, for the University in which he is entered, is a liberal allowance; and the money qualification differs in the different bodies. In some it is very high; and, as many of these also exclude all but nobles, the society that is to be found in them is select, and much that is both true and characteristic of other Corps does not apply to them. Guided,

therefore, partly by the length of his purse, and partly by other considerations, the delegates have but little difficulty in assigning their willing captive to the body for which he is best suited, and persuading him that he made the choice himself. They are all rewarded by a consciousness of their own virtue. They feel that a good deed has been done and a soul saved from the Burschenschaft. The term begins with a Commers, in which all the Corps take part. A table is prepared for each in a brilliantly lighted and decorated room, and ample quantities of drink are provided. When the Fox takes his place, in his cap of green and gold, or whatever other brilliant hues are the chosen colours of the society he is about to enter, his heart swells within him; but his enthusiasm rises to almost a devotional point when the band strikes up the "Landesvater," when his new cap, after having been spitted on a sword, is replaced on his head, the weapon laid upon it, and the great drinking-horn given into his hands. The way in which this and several other student songs are sung is often really impressive, and to the novice the ceremony seems full of significance. He is really making his vows to be true to the brotherhood. But from that night a change comes over the spirit of his dream. The seniors who were lately so affable become supercilious and order him about instead of consulting his wishes. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, indeed, the position of a Fox was most miserable. The older members of the Landsmannschaften had absolute power over him, and he might think himself fortunate if they were content with merely treating him as a menial without having recourse to cruel indignities or even torture. These excesses are said to have been introduced into university life by the wandering scholars, and edict after edict was in vain promulgated against them. Now, of course, the memory of such things is only preserved in single phrases and ceremonies which have become purely formal and are dying out. The authority of the seniors is generally exercised only in a jocular way, but in spite of this it is real enough. If a novice is noisy or troublesome on an evening when the Corps have met to drink quietly together, especially when guests are present, one of the Burschen will simply say, "Fox, spin two, four, or six," as the case may be. The youth must provide himself with the given number of glasses of beer within the space of five minutes, his taskmaster inspects them to see that they are properly filled, and the spinner has then to drink them out one after another, each at a single draught, which generally quiets him at least for the time. If an astonished Englishman who is enjoying the hospitality of the Corps inquires as to the purpose of so strange a custom, he will be told that it is necessary to preserve order. And there is some truth in this. It is a standing rule among German students that a toast demands a reply; that is that, if anybody drinks a half or a whole glass to your health, you are bound to consume at least an equal quantity of liquor in compliment to him before a given time has passed. This would render it possible for the novices to turn every social meeting into a drunken orgie, if no restraint were placed upon them. They have only to unite to "explode" the president and one or two of the more serious members to attain their end. An explosion is managed thus. By pre-arrangement a number of persons each drink a glass to a single person at almost the same time, and he is then compelled to empty, it may be, ten or twelve glasses in the course of fifteen minutes. This is one of the devices of which the Foxes are particularly fond, each succeeding generation of them discovers it anew, and spinning is considered the only remedy. If the inquisitive foreigner asks whether it would not be better to modify the rule than to resort to so drastic a means of blunting its edge, some Bursch will in all probability reply with the greatest seriousness that everybody is sometimes brought into a situation where it is natural or even necessary as a matter of politeness for him to become intoxicated, and that it is therefore well to teach the young to carry their liquor soberly, an art that can only be acquired by practice. The older German students, however, are as a rule far less intemperate than is generally supposed, except when they drink out of bravado, as in a Commers which unites all the Corps. Then the hard drinkers challenge each other, and incredible quantities of beer vanish. The whole assembly is interested in the struggle, and bets are made on the event. Every voice is hushed when from one table come the words, "Mr. So-and-so, I drink my twenty-third glass to you in advance," or from the other, "Mr. So-and-so, I drink my twenty-first glass in reply." To such heights as these, of course, no Fox can hope to attain; but he, too, fights out his little beer tournaments, in which speed and quantity are the two elements chiefly considered. Might not the commentators of Rabelais learn something from the life of the German Corps?

We have said that it is fading away. Much that we have dwelt upon may perhaps already have become obsolete. It was by no means a noble, a refined, or a proper, but it was a jovial, way of passing the time. Some of its excesses are explained, and in part excused, by the strictness of school life in Germany. The young colts had so long been imprisoned in narrow stables that they were inclined to kick up their heels when the door was thrown open. And the young man who joined a Corps did gain some advantages, though they were hardly adequate to the time and money they cost. If there was anything in him, he learned to be faithful to his friends, to face his enemies boldly, to behave decently to his equals, to be fair and open, and to respect his honour more than any earthly good. Watchman hunting and spinning may seem rather a roundabout path to such an end; but it is something if it be attained at all.

LORD HARTINGTON.

IF some one of the "Raphaels in shoals" whom no doubt we have about us does not remove the reproach of shortcomings in the grand style from English art by a cartoon of "Michael and Satan contending for the body of Lord Hartington," it is his own fault. A more curious incident than the duel on the subject between the chief evening and the chief morning organ of Radicalism in London at the beginning of the week has not recently taken place, though we have no intention of distributing the archangelic and diabolic parts between the two. The *Daily News* opened the ball by entreating Lord Hartington to say a word, "only a few words," to relieve his agonized friends from the idea that he is not sound in the Radical faith. This appeal, which was really of a touching character, had the undoubted drawback that it seemed to confess that the friends were agonized; that their confidence in Lord Hartington's orthodoxy, despite the pretty severe trials to which that orthodoxy has been exposed for the last four years, has never been quite firm, and is now seriously shaken. This was the point of view which presented itself to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it proceeded to rate its respected contemporary, not merely for "presumption," but for letting unsavoury eats out of inconvenient bags. This eccentric but not uninteresting family squabble has naturally caused some amusement in the camp opposite to that of the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It has been pointed out with perfect truth that if Lord Hartington responded to the invitation, if he came forward and with his hand on his heart made profession of Chamberlainism, whole Chamberlainism, and nothing but Chamberlainism, the Radical party would, on the whole, lose quite as much as it would gain. It would be the stronger by Lord Hartington, but the weaker by all the semi-independent allies whom Lord Hartington now leads. The Moderate Liberal, who grieves over the absence of Mr. Goschen, trembles at the resignation of the Duke of Argyll, and shakes his head over the retirement of Mr. Forster, has at present Lord Hartington to comfort himself with. If Lord Hartington should become only a Mr. Chamberlain with a difference, what could the Moderate Liberal do? He may stand being permeated while he is able to persuade himself that he is permeating likewise; but with a root-and-branch Cabinet he might become restive to the operation.

We shall not pause to inquire whether this view of Lord Hartington's position (in which nobody who has impartially studied the events of the last few years will refuse to allow much truth) is altogether flattering to him. It assigns to him rather the status of that waistcoat, recorded somewhere in fiction, which was a waistcoat of such an eminently respectable and responsible appearance that nobody could suspect its wearer of imprudent or immoral acts. But there is no doubt that Lord Hartington has in some sort laid himself open to such imputations. He is himself a politician of a kind which for our part we should be very sorry to see extinct or infrequent in England. Whether he deserves the glowing eulogies which, in the *Daily News* article referred to, accompanied the little request for his name on the back of the Radical bill, we do not think it necessary to pronounce, nor, on the other hand, do we feel inclined to investigate the truth of a reported remark of a person of quality some time ago—"Lord Hartington is an excellent fellow, but he is like all racing men, he'll do anything to win." *Non nostrum tantus*; not to mention that the second and unfavourable view might be construed into a libel on the turf. But the valuable qualities of Lord Hartington as a statesman are easily appreciable. If he is a thorough partisan, he is a partisan of the old kind, that fought fairly with gloves or fists, and had not the slightest personal enmity to the other side. No less by temperament than by education and tradition the furious personal spite of the *parvenu* is a thing to which he is an utter stranger. To some men the University at which they have not been educated, or which has rejected them, the Club which will not admit them, the order to which they have looked up with a mixture of humiliation and envy, the Church which has looked down on their sect with the calm superiority of disdain, are objects of a concentrated malignity from which circumstances no less than character have made Lord Hartington safe. In the same way he has every reason for taking politics quietly, which is another expression for taking politics wisely. In more fortunate circumstances Lord Hartington might have been a real master of that great art of letting things alone in which is the root of much political wisdom. If his intellectual abilities are not extraordinary his practical sense is not small; and the ignorance and indolence which was probably more to blame than anything else for his conduct on the Afghan, and, until recently, the Irish questions, are closely connected with the good points of his character. In a general way more harm is done by political busybodies than by political sluggards; and to be content not to know is itself a rather admirable thing. Only, of course, it may be carried too far, as Lord Hartington undoubtedly did carry it in the Candahar case, in the matter of the Land Act, and in the initials of the Ilbert Bill. With a sounder chief and less mischievous colleagues, however, these excessive demands would not have been on his faculties of performing work and acquiring information. It is tolerably certain that Lord Hartington would never have been the first to propose the retirement from Afghanistan, or the Land Act, or the Europeans-in-India-Disability Bill. So also the undoubted fact that it has taken him four years to see what the debate on the Army Discipline Bill might have told him before the four years began, and that his assumption of his

true position is even now tentative and uncertain, are again connected with his merits. He backs his side as a man should do, and he doubtless considers that the other men on the side are as honest as himself—which is amiable of him. But, though it cannot be denied that a very great crisis in his career is approaching, it can hardly be said that he has yet carried his policy of *insouciance* beyond the limits which a party politician may conceivably allow himself. Christianity, after all, must approve, if it could hardly have commanded, his reconciliation with Mr. Chamberlain after Mr. Chamberlain had renounced and defied him. An ardent admiration of the House of Commons is the watchword of Lord Hartington's party, and he may have persuaded himself that it was right, against his own judgment, to expose the British army to loathsome disablement for duty because some crazy fanatics snatched a majority in that House. Every allowance that the game admits must be made for a man who is playing a game.

But the question of the moment is whether Lord Hartington can go on playing the same game much longer. What ought to be his conduct in the forthcoming Session in reference to the Irish policy of the Government from the standpoint of rational politics and national interests is of course quite clear; but we have endeavoured here to take a strictly practical view, and to indulge in no heroics. The question is, then, what course of political conduct is best suited for Lord Hartington's own interest as a player of the political game, and here, though it is no business of ours to advise him, the remarkable freedom with which advice has already been offered makes an additional suggestion or two by way of comment not wholly impertinent. We should say that if any one wishes to see Lord Hartington efface himself they should urge him, and, if possible, induce him, to say the few words for which the *Daily News* is so anxious. To put the matter with the greatest possible sharpness, though of course also with the somewhat exaggerated emphasis which extreme sharpness requires, it may be said that if Lord Hartington were to retire from Mr. Gladstone's Government on the question of throwing the reins on the neck of Ireland, his succession at no distant period to the Premiership would be made, accidents excepted, certain; that if he once more drifts to the Radical side that succession will be very seriously endangered. For as a purely Radical competitor for the office he is at very great disadvantages. No doubt many Radicals still love a lord, but their number is not on the increase. The Radicals themselves have at least two candidates who are cleverer than Lord Hartington, more popular than Lord Hartington can ever be with their own side, far more skilled in the arts by which Radical leaders must more and more stand or fall in the future, and able to adopt the crotchets of the hour in a fashion impossible to the heir of the dukedom of Devonshire. As a Moderate Liberal Lord Hartington's peculiar circumstances give him points against all his possible competitors. As a Radical they give all his competitors points against him. When he hears the voice of the Radical charmer he should remember D'Artagnan's reply to the Cardinal's invitation, "Monseigneur, je serais mal venu ici et mal regardé là-bas," a remark in which the Gascon really showed himself to be that "puits de sagesse" which his friend declared him. The Moderate Liberal is no doubt a strangely forgiving animal, but after a sufficient course of desertion at every point by Lord Hartington, capped by a definite profession of apostasy in "a few words," even he must turn. The Radical has his own leaders, whom he trusts to lead him against dukes; and a duke for a leader would in a few years, if not now, simply embarrass him. On all grounds, therefore, it would be in the highest degree unwise for Lord Hartington to ally himself openly and avowedly with the party of destruction; and it is an arguable point whether his continuance in his present position (whether he is or is not conscious that he is used as a decoy duck) is compatible with the retention of solid popularity with any party. Lord Hartington is not at all likely to have missed the probability that something besides defect of eyesight may have contributed to Mr. Goschen's refusal to be put forward as Speaker. He cannot fail to have noted that since Mr. Forster's retirement Mr. Forster has distinctly risen in the opinion of the country at large. His shrewd if not over-subtle faculty of political judgment is likely to make him doubt the permanence, at least as an authority on one side only, of the Caucus-rule by which at present he and his motley colleagues keep their majority in Parliament. Any competent student of politics, speaking from no party point of view, but with absolutely judicial fairness, would tell Lord Hartington that his game, when once the disturbing element of Mr. Gladstone's personality, and the silly worship which that personality excites, is out of the way, is no more to join hands with Mr. Chamberlain against Lord Salisbury than it is to join with Lord Salisbury against Mr. Chamberlain. A writer in the *St. James's Gazette* has justly pointed out that his value to the Radical party is gone when he ceases to be, or at least to be thought, a Left Centre leader. But there is more than this; for with the loss of the fact or reputation of Left Centre leadership he loses all reason for political existence.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

THE death announced in a Calcutta telegram last Tuesday of Keshub Chunder Sen—the leader, though not the founder, of the Brahmo Somaj Church—removes a prominent figure from the religious world of the East. For the sect to which he was converted in 1860, and of which he has been since then the

guiding genius and virtual Pope, avowedly aspires to become the National Church of India, though as yet its members are numbered by thousands only—in 1870, when he visited England, there were only about 6,000 of them—as against the 150 million adherents of Brahminism from whom they have separated. The question of their future has indeed an interest not only religious but political as regards the condition of India, which is at present passing through a kind of religious transition, the ultimate result of which it is not easy to forecast. In the words of a circular issued ten years ago by the Bishops of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and referred to by Mr. Grant Duff as a document of the highest interest and authority, "India in the present century is passing through a state of disintegration and its habits and forms of life are subjected to influences which are affecting it seriously and fundamentally. Forces Christian in their origin, though only partially religious, and predominantly of a civilizing and intellectual kind, are everywhere in active operation; and the people of India are being carried, almost without a will, and as if by a tide of circumstances, from a past, to which their hearts cling with regret, to a future which is still unknown and undiscernible." While the British Government has not only all along abstained with an almost pedantic scrupulosity from anything like proselytism, so much so as to incur the charge of even discouraging conversions to Christianity, but directly subsidizes the national worship, it has yet been constrained in the cause of civilization to do much which inevitably, however unintentionally on the part of those concerned, serves to undermine all genuine faith in Brahminism. Even in matters having so little religious significance as vaccination, land-surveying, and works of irrigation, a veiled conspiracy has been detected against the national cult. But to name one point only, the spread of education among the natives, though purely secular, is a process fatal to the Hindu orthodoxy of the rising generation. And thus it naturally occurs not only to the religionist but the statesman to inquire whether Brahminism will be superseded by atheism or by some, and if so by what, new form of religious belief. Whatever hopes may be entertained of the conversion of India to the Gospel, there is at present no visible prospect of such a consummation, as is frankly admitted in the episcopal circular already quoted. The Jesuits have been the most successful missionaries in India, but the sum total of converts all told, and of all denominations, is but an infinitesimal fraction as compared to the huge and rapidly increasing Hindu population. There is one cult however which, though in a decided minority, is far stronger than the Christian in India, and is thought by many to have the promise of the future. The Mogul Emperors during the two centuries of their Indian rule did not by any means act on the religious or non-religious policy of their British successors. They did not indeed exactly employ the good old Moslem method of "the Koran or the sword"—the time for that was past—but they did, without adopting such extreme measures, bring the whole weight of Governmental influence to bear in favour of their own creed, and the consequence is that about a sixth of the population of India, comprising some 50 millions, is now Mahometan. No Sovereign, not excepting the Sultan, rules over half so many Mahometan subjects as the Queen of England. That in itself might not perhaps go for much. But it must be remembered on the one hand that Mahometanism does not present to the native intellect of India any of those difficulties which render the first smattering of physical science incompatible with their ancestral "creed," while it offers a simple and intelligible form of theistic belief with an ethical code making no very severe demands on the weakness of human nature; and on the other hand that Islam has displayed of late years a capacity unprecedented in its former history for proselytism without the aid of the sword—a fact noted by Dr. Döllinger in a remarkable lecture on British India delivered four years ago as "an historical enigma." It has made enormous strides in Western Africa, and that too at the expense of Christianity; it has won over the greater part of Borneo and Sumatra and the whole of Java; and has effected a lodgment in China, where whole villages and towns and districts of Moslems may be found in the midst of the Buddhist and Confucian inhabitants of the country, while no other foreign religion has taken root there, and it already boasts some 20,000,000 adherents among the subjects of the Celestial Empire. And hence it has been suggested that Mahometanism will be the future religion of China, and a similar anticipation as to the future of India, where it is already much stronger than in China, would be at least equally plausible. Considering the fierce and aggressive character of Islam, and its essential intolerance of subjection to rulers of an alien, and especially of the Christian, faith, such a prospect is not a pleasant one from any point of view. As a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* remarked not long ago, "four hundred million Mahometans, added to the already large census of Islam, would materially alter the conditions of the European powers, and a Chinese"—or, we may add, still worse an Indian—"holy war" would be a veritable Damocles's sword suspended over the civilized world." Some years ago an assembly of Moslem doctors from Delhi and Lucknow ruled that India is not "Dar ul Islam," but "Dar ul Harb," and ought therefore to be conquered for Islam. Such possibilities, at all events, if they be nothing more, give an additional interest to whatever may help to throw light on the religious future of India.

We have said already that Keshub Chunder Sen—or Mr. Sen, as he was sometimes styled—was not, as many of his English admirers may have been led to imagine, the founder of

the Brahmo Somaj. The movement was originated, about thirty years before he joined it, by Ramohun Roy, who was born in 1774, and whose professed aim was not to found a new faith but to restore Hinduism to its primitive purity as prescribed in the Vedas. Nor was there anything new in such an idea. Hinduism, even more than most religious systems, has given birth to various sects and schisms. "No country," to cite the words of Professor Monier Williams, "has had so many religious revivals and revivalist preachers—so many religious reformations and reformers—as India." Much about the same time indeed as Ramohun Roy was born another reformer, Svami Narayana, whose visit to Heber is described in the Bishop's Indian Journal, and whose disciples now amount to over 200,000. Ramohun Roy had carefully studied the Christian Scriptures, and in 1831 came to England with the title of Rajah to negotiate an increase of the allowance made by the East India Company to the King of Delhi, when a place was assigned him among the ambassadors at the coronation of William IV. He received a warm welcome, like Chunder Sen afterwards, from several Dissenting bodies, especially the Unitarian, whose system in fact differed little from his own. He never returned to India, but died in September 1833 at Stapleton Lodge near Bristol. The little community he had established at Calcutta survived him, but did not exhibit any signs of progressive vigour till in 1860 it was joined by Chunder Sen, who was then only 23, and had been educated in an English school and graduated in the College at Calcutta; under his guidance it abandoned the teaching of its founder as to the divine authority of the Vedas and developed into a form of pure theism, which however produced a schism in the body. In 1870 he visited England, and was welcomed at a *soirée* in Hanover Square Rooms by a miscellaneous assemblage of various classes of religionists, including Lord Lawrence, Dean Stanley, and Louis Blanc. He was afterwards received in audience by the Queen. If our memory serves us, Dean Stanley gave him a place within the altar rails at an episcopal consecration at Westminster Abbey. But his warmest welcome was naturally among the Dissenters, and he preached in several Baptist, Congregational, and Unitarian places of worship, during his stay in the country. His description of the new religion in a work he published on his *English Visit* does not seem to differ materially from the Theistic Society established in London by Mr. Voysey. He rejects the rite of baptism and the name of Christian, but at the same time declares expressly that he "felt quite at home in all Unitarian assemblies private and public." Ramohun Roy had long before expressed a similar sentiment. "Every Christian sect," according to Chunder Sen, "has tried to realize the kingdom of God, but has failed, and has succeeded after all in representing one side only of Christianity," but "the Universal Church of Theism" is "capacious enough to take in the whole length and breadth of the Christian Church." Christ is acknowledged as a great benefactor of the human race, but not a Divine Incarnation, and the Bible as containing, like the Vedas, an admixture of truth and error. It was thought however by Anglican missionaries, who came into contact with him at a later period of his career, that he manifested more directly Christian leanings, and the same inference might perhaps be drawn from his reputed approval of the Salvationist crusade in India. We believe we are correct in adding that several members of the Brahmo Somaj have actually become Christians.

The direct aim of the movement however, viewed as a revival or reform in the bosom of Hinduism, is to abolish certain practical abuses in the popular system of religion. In the first place all worship of idols is strictly forbidden, and "for the sake of your souls, and of the souls of millions of your countrymen, you must acknowledge only One Supreme and true God, our Maker, Preserver, and Moral Governor." And this is asserted to be the real teaching of the Vedas. And hence the abolition of caste is insisted on, as being the bulwark of idolatry and of the power of the corrupt Brahmanical priesthood, as well as because it violates the great law of human brotherhood. A third and very important point aimed at was the reform of the Zenana, or in other words, the elevation of the condition of women in India. This was to be accomplished by promoting female education; by altering the rule which reduces woman to a menial and cipher in the household, and condemns her to lifelong seclusion; by abolishing the custom of early marriage—often at nine or ten years old—which is proved by experience to be physically, morally, and intellectually pernicious; and by abolishing polygamy and the law of compulsory widowhood, the modern substitute for the old institution of Sutte which our Government suppressed. These are of course excellent reforms as far as they go, but in 1878 Chunder Sen sanctioned the marriage of his own daughter at the age of fourteen to a boy bridegroom, the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, and the usual idolatrous ceremonies were observed on the occasion. This conspicuous inconsistency of conduct was reported at the time to have materially damaged his influence with his own followers, and it led to a fresh schism in their ranks. As to the present strength and future prospects of the movement it is difficult to speak very definitely. Chunder Sen in the course of lectures he delivered in Scotland in 1870 reckoned its adherents at about 6,000 and their places of worship at about 60, but it has no doubt increased since then. There is nothing however to give any plausibility to the anticipation he then expressed that "the Church of the One Supreme Lord"—i.e., the Brahmo Somaj—"will become the national religion of India." It is much more likely to be itself absorbed in Christianity, if it does not gradually dwindle away; a mere abstract theism has never yet sufficed for

the basis of any powerful religious organization, and least of all is so shadowy and subjective a creed likely to satisfy the religious cravings of the Indian mind. Still, this last experiment of Hindu reform must be regarded as an interesting one, the more so, because from causes already indicated, it is impossible to doubt that the dominant system as a living faith is doomed, though it may long retain some sort of languid existence; "the great process," it has been said, "of the decomposition of Brahminism has begun." Something, no doubt, will depend in the immediate future on the personal character and capacity of those who succeed to the place left vacant by the death of Chunder Sen. He did much more himself to advance the cause of the Brahmo Somaj than its original founder, but whether the prayer, *Exoriare aliquis*, which can hardly fail to rise at this crisis to the lips of his disciples will find any adequate response is a question on which it would be idle to speculate before the event. Christians are at last beginning to awake to their responsibilities in the Indian mission field, and Mahometanism, as we have pointed out, had anticipated them long ago. Between these great rival forces it is hard to believe that much room will be found for such a *tertium quid* as the nascent theistic community can offer to supply.

A YEAR'S ALPINE FACT AND FICTION.

A GOOD season for mountaineers has at last followed a series of bad ones—the last of them extraordinarily bad—and has confirmed what was already pretty well ascertained, that the record of first-rate conquest in the Alps is now finally closed. The last achievement of that sort is the ascent of the Dent du Géant—if that performance, considering the amount of mechanical appliances brought into play, be deemed to come within the limits of fair climbing. If not, the decisive date must be fixed by Mr. C. T. Dent's successful assault on the Aiguille du Dru in 1878. There remains the excitement of making new ways up old peaks, and other variations of known routes; but this too manifestly has its limits, and not very wide ones, and must ere long come to an end. Nor can we say that we think this a consummation to be deprecated; for the desire to find something relatively new while such things are yet to be found has begotten in the last few years a visible tendency to go in the way of unavoidable danger without sufficient deliberation or adequate cause. Things will adjust themselves well enough when it comes to be an accepted fact that in the great Alpine ranges no novelty remains in the way of *grandes courses*. No fear need be entertained that the occupation of the Alpine Club will be gone; nor do we see, for our part, that the existence of the *Alpine Journal* is immediately threatened. It is "a record of mountain adventure and scientific observation." As far as European mountains are concerned, the adventure will probably become less prominent and the science more prominent. And by science we do not mean physical observation or hypothesis alone, but the scientific and scholarly discussion of all such questions of history, ethnology, or what not, as are fairly germane to Alpine travel. Thus—to cite one good example very lately set in the *Journal*—there is no reason why the question where Hannibal crossed the Alps should be left entirely in the hands of historians who know nothing of the particular ground, or indeed of mountain travelling and transport in general. Again, there is plenty of work still to be done on details of topography and physiography in the less frequented regions; of a less exciting sort one must admit, as the work of a nineteenth-century scholar is less exciting than that of Scaliger or Bentley, but still very well worth doing, and to be done, be it remembered, for a more appreciative generation. Neither should it be forgotten that an ascent once described has not been described once for all. Now that the epoch of conquest belongs to history, mountaineers should begin to compare notes more systematically with their predecessors. Otherwise changes well worth observation may pass unmarked, and even cause great difficulties at some later time in the understanding of earlier reports. Then there are still important and well-known expeditions which have not been described in English, or not adequately described at all. One thing, indeed, is just within future possibilities from which we must pray to be delivered. We earnestly trust that, whatever befalls the *Alpine Journal*, it will not ever despair of regular issues and become a thing of "zwanglos erscheinenden Heften," the plague of all honest booksellers and librarians.

But we may look for help from other continents before any such fate need be apprehended. The Caucasus has only been touched, and is now far more easy of access than it was a dozen years ago. A valiant beginning, but as yet only a beginning, has been made in the mountains of New Zealand, of which Mr. W. S. Green has just published his detailed account. The like may be said of the Himalayas, where Mr. Graham has been at work in the year just past. It would appear that, like too many other mountaineers, he has lost some time and energy by not fully acquainting himself with the experience of his predecessors; but in any case he has made a notable advance. Especially he has disposed of the alleged impossibility that human lungs and muscles should be equal to climbing at Himalayan altitudes; and he has sighted, though not explored, two hitherto unknown peaks which appear to overtop the highest as yet measured. His report of the climatic conditions is unfortunately anything but favourable. As for the Andes, we cannot be sanguine about them as an effective addition to the mountaineering resources of the world. Mr. Whympers' account

was not encouraging; he found the journeying toilsome and the climbing, as climbing, devoid of interest. Those who heard or read what he had to say on his return to England will very shortly have the opportunity, by the publication of his complete work on the subject, of refreshing and increasing their knowledge, and judging for themselves, if they are men of means, leisure, and enterprise, whether they will seek adventures in the same direction.

It is notable that a popular literature of mountaineering is on the increase. In itself this is of no great interest to the mountaineer; but it is a satisfactory token that his pastime has found a settled place in the esteem of the educated world, and is no longer regarded as the latest form of British insanity. Herr Theodor Schwarz, in his book entitled *Ueber Fels und Eirn* (Leipzig, 1884), has collected accounts of the first ascents or attempts made in the several mountain regions of the world. The expedition of 1868 to the Caucasus, and Mr. Green's exploits of last year in New Zealand, are thus brought in a convenient form to the knowledge of German readers; we also find here the history of the African equatorial mountain Kilima-njaro, which has not yet obtained the general fame it deserves, but is about to be made better known at one of the evening meetings of the Royal Institution. A prettily got up little French-Swiss book (*Carnet d'un Touriste: Azeline*, Neuchâtel and Paris, 1884) represents another kind of writing, of which there is not so much in England as in the journals of the Continental Alpine Clubs. We may call it, without using the words in any disparaging sense, sub-Alpine gossip. It consists in narrative and descriptive sketches, giving impressions of Alpine scenery and incidents, and not confined to serious mountaineering or putting forward any claim to novelty. Here, of course, everything depends on literary skill and tact. Dumas's *Impressions de Voyage* are unapproachable; but Azeline has a light and pleasant hand, and will doubtless be a welcome companion to those who go over the same ground. It is flattering to the English reader to find Mr. C. E. Mathews' speech, delivered at the festival of the Swiss Alpine Club in 1879, reported here in full with the accompaniment of *tonnerre d'applaudissements*. If a book of the days before mountaineering chances to be at hand, we may turn to it and realize with amazement how completely the tone has changed in forty or fifty years. Here are some reflections from the *Diary of a Traveller over Alps and Appennines* (sic), published in 1824, on seeing at Lauterbrunnen some travellers who had "come over the mountains from Grendenwald" (sic)—that is to say, walked over the Wengern Alp:—

"These pedestrian excursions are by no means uncommon in Switzerland, and it is most extraordinary, that they appear sometimes to be undertaken by persons to whom economy need not be an object. The travellers move with a napsack (sic) upon their backs, and a long pole with a spike at the lower end of it in their hands. The last appendage is extremely necessary for their security upon glaciers and precipices. It is a system of peregrination that must be pursued with a relinquishment of the most essential comforts of life. It is impossible in a napsack to carry an adequate supply of clean linen (linen shirts for a walking tour!) and other necessities. The fatigue that is endured must be excessive. . . . At hotels, too, the walking itinerant will meet with second-rate attention. The meanness of his style will prevent him from being regarded as a person of condition. These are not visionary objections—I was witness to the whole. Curiosity must be very active, indeed, when it will prompt a man to make a tour under such circumstances.

This same traveller was agreeably surprised to find that the people of Lauterbrunnen and Chamonix were not savages; he speaks moreover—or his printer made him speak—of the fall of the *Stubbach*. Also he visited "Chamouny," and beheld with admiration "the *aiguilles* [sic] of various denominations, with intervening glaciers shelving down to the very level of the plain."

Mountaineering has not developed a special literature of burlesque, unless the fabled Mount Hercules in New Guinea may be taken as the first instalment. But one or two members of the Swiss and French Alpine Clubs (we are far from holding their colleagues answerable for them) seem disposed to set the precedent of a new kind of report of perilous ascents *pour rire*—that is, if the so-called reports happen to be read by any person who knows the elements of mountaineering. A certain M. Charlet-Stratton of Chamonix produced in 1878 a story of an all but successful attempt made by himself alone on the Aiguille du Dru, which somehow found admittance to the "Annuaire" of the French Alpine Club. Mr. Dent, in the account of his own ascent, made some short and plain-spoken remarks on this story, to which we are not aware that M. Charlet-Stratton has ever replied in public. Last August this same M. Charlet-Stratton and a M. Heiner, of the Swiss Alpine Club, went forth to climb the Aiguille Verte, and, after divers and many unsuccessful attempts in former seasons, and at least one in this, did, it would appear, actually climb it. After which—to wit, in the month of October—M. Heiner entertained the Genevese section of the Swiss Alpine Club with a thrilling account (*palpitant récit*, says the reporter of the *Journal de Genève*, and no wonder) of their adventures and perils. "M. Heiner en était à sa neuvième tentative d'ascension de l'Aiguille verte"; and it may be allowed without difficulty that he is justly entitled to the fame of being the climber who, before his final and crowning perseverance, has failed the greatest number of times to ascend a fairly well-known peak.

It is well to premise a few simple and easily verified facts. The Aiguille Verte is not an easy mountain; it requires good leading and travellers who know what they are about on ice. Like all other mountains that are not easy, it is more difficult at some times than at others, and may at times be rendered impossible by bad weather. But, taking things all round as they occur under fairly

good conditions, there is, for competent mountaineers, no enormous difficulty about the Aiguille Verte. Its first ascent was effected by Mr. Whymper in 1865 with Croz, Almer, and Biener. Two other English parties followed in the same year. Various other ascents in later seasons, of which some were made by ladies, need not be enumerated; in all there have been at least a score. In 1876 a new route was made from the side of the Argentière glacier, and in 1881 yet a third from the Charpous glacier. In 1882 there were two independent ascents on the same day, both remarkable for the short time in which the expedition was completed. Now M. Heiner (we may presume with the ascent, and we may surmise with the inspiration, of M. Charlet-Stratton) told the Geneva section of his Club how, on a former occasion, he found himself with his party "séparé de la cime par un bloc de rocher surplombant de trois mètres, une arête de glace tranchante comme un couteau, laquelle était elle-même séparée du sommet par une profonde déchirure absolument infranchissable." How this time they were determined to succeed. How they encountered marvellous labours of step-cutting in a great couloir, so that Charlet took thirty or forty blows of the ice-axe to make a single step. How they were belated, "vers les rochers qui sont au pied de l'arête conduisant à la cime," came down again, and camped out on the Jardin. How they got fresh supplies from the Montanvert (notwithstanding that the porter was already "extenué de fatigue" twelve hours before they got down to the Jardin), and set off again next morning. How they made their way to the summit along a new and formidable kind of cornice which overhung on both sides of the arête. How a piece of the said cornice broke off at the beginning of the descent, and M. Heiner went down one side of the crest and M. Charlet on the other, thus preserving a happy balance, while, very curiously, their ice-axes went down the same side. How, by another curious accident, the whole length of the rope was just enough for M. Charlet to recover the axes. How, when they came back to their couloir, between two and three in the afternoon, M. Heiner was quite surprised to find the sun so warm that he had to take off his gloves. And how they ultimately got back to the Jardin at three o'clock the next morning, M. Heiner having meanwhile seen strange visions during a midnight halt on the Glacier de Taléfre. All this, being reported in the *Journal de Genève*, was shortly afterwards served up for the benefit of the English public by the *Globe*, which facetiously translated the Aiguille Verte into "Green Needle," invented a "Col du Dromadaire" which is yet loftier, and added the assertion (which, we are bound to say, does not appear to proceed from M. Heiner) that this performance was "the only ascent of the Aiguille Verte made for several years past."

It so happened that at the very time of M. Heiner's expedition two English parties were out on the same errand. As they went up they met M. Heiner's party returning from their first and unsuccessful day's work. They went on, attained the summit without encountering any difficulty that seemed to them excessive, and, with plenty of time for halts there and elsewhere, were back at the Montanvert soon after four in the afternoon. M. Heiner's steps, as far as they had then gone (not anywhere near the final arête, but about half-way up the great couloir), were useful to the English travellers; and their steps for the higher part of the ascent must in turn have been useful to MM. Heiner and Charlet the next day, a circumstance which the latter gentlemen suppressed. The Englishmen took one hour and a half to cover the space where (with the advantage of their steps, in fact) MM. Heiner and Charlet consumed three hours and a half, by reason, as they alleged, of the extreme hardness of the ice. Nothing was seen by the English parties, or has ever been seen by any one besides MM. Heiner and Charlet, in the least like the terrible "bloc de rocher surplombant" which had formerly stopped M. Heiner. Neither was there any cornice anywhere near the top except an insignificant one on which there was no occasion to go. These facts were communicated to the *Globe* newspaper by one of the English travellers, and were there published. They were also communicated to the *Journal de Genève*, which flatly refused to publish them, and to the *Echo des Alpes*, which, after accepting them for publication, ultimately refused also. We need hardly add that the tale of the fall from the cornice is not even consistent with itself. Perhaps we may believe that M. Charlet really took from thirty to forty blows to cut a step; for his friend could not have given stronger evidence against his competence to act as leader up the Aiguille Verte or anywhere else, and the marvellously slow progress of the party (seventy-two hours for an ascent and descent accomplished by the English parties within twelve) is thus amply accounted for. In one word, the adventures related by M. Heiner could not have happened to competent mountaineers, and the natural features of the mountain alleged as the causes of those adventures are grossly improbable in themselves, and absolutely contradicted by the observation of other climbers. If the French and Swiss Alpine Clubs allow such stuff as M. Heiner's rhodomontade to figure among their proceedings, and the newspapers which report it refuse to publish simple corrections of fact authenticated by eye-witnesses, the name and fame of the Continental colleagues of our Alpine Club will certainly be none the better for it. Really one feels inclined to exclaim with the German storyteller, "Mache das Fenster auf, damit die Lügen hinaus fliegen."

BROOK SHOTT AND STONEBRIDGE CLOSE.

THE irresistible tide of bricks and mortar which overwhelms the country round London obliterates more than the ancient landmarks. There is a kind of feeling in our minds that the alterations of levels and of surface, and the additions of rows of houses, are the only things by which our modern suburbs are changed from what they were a few years ago. But a comparison instituted between maps of the present day and maps of even a hundred years ago show that we have lost much more than the mere geographical features. The old nomenclature has perished. Who that paces the smooth pavement of Oxford Street remembers that its western end was once known as the Worcester Road? The Kensington Gravel Pits have long borne the wholly incorrect and confusing name of High Street, Notting Hill Gate. Kensington Gore is now the description of a large number of houses which are not and never were in any part of Kensington. Queen Square, Bloomsbury, is, and always was, not in Bloomsbury, but in Holborn. West Kensington, to which, for some reason, one of the old City schools is about to migrate, is not in Kensington, but in Fulham, or rather in that hamlet of Fulham now denominated Hammersmith. It would be easy to find a hundred examples of this kind of topographical deception in the London suburbs other than those of the so-called West End. Hornsey Wood has, in part at least, become Finsbury Park. The southern parts of Lambeth have taken many names. Dulwich has spread into neighbouring districts, and part of Lambeth has become Penge. Stepney is divided into the Parliamentary boroughs of Hackney and Tower Hamlets. These are great changes; but, if we condescend to note smaller matters, we find the old enclosures and boundaries similarly forgotten, and it would puzzle many a competent modern topographer to say where was Great Gibbet Field in St. Marylebone, or the Six Closes in the Regent's Park. Sometimes, on the other hand, the names still in use commemorate places and things long destroyed. Great and Little Turnstile still lead into Lincoln's Inn Fields. The windmills near Savile Row and the Haymarket—nay, the Haymarket itself—are recalled by local names. An inconsiderable inn and tea-garden, called Piccadilly, or Peccadillo, Hall, which gave its name to the short portion of the grand modern highway between the Haymarket on the east and Swallow Street on the west, has become the exclusive appellation of what was once known by three, if not four, different names, and now stands equally for Portugal Street and the Reading Road. Though the Neyte Bridge remains in a mutilated form, Stonebridge has disappeared, and of Penniless Bank only a portion as Hay Hill survives.

According to most of the London books, Berkeley Fields were only the site of Berkeley Square. But in reality this name stood for all the land between Tyburn Lane on the west and Swallow Street on the east—that is, between what we call Park Lane and Regent Street. Lord Berkeley of Stratton did not keep a very tight hold on this valuable estate, and it was gradually broken up and sold in small pieces. Much of it, by the falling in of leases and other causes, is now Crown property; but before the suppression of the religious houses it must have formed part of the vast estate of St. Peter's, Westminster—being, in fact, the eastern division of the manor of Ebury. It was early cut up into farms. One of these farms, becoming the property of "rich Audley," is now covered by Grosvenor Square and the adjacent streets. On another Sir Benjamin Maddoks and his tenants built the thickly-inhabited quarter east of Bond Street, ten acres of the southern portion of Tyburn Mill Farm becoming the Burlington estate and attaching itself to St. James's parish, while the northern part went to St. George's. The lessees were bound under a heavy penalty in 1687 not to plough up any of these ten acres. A third farm, in the reign of James I., occupied the area now covered by the Green Park and the gardens of Buckingham Palace. Goring House, with a walled enclosure, afterwards the Mulberry Garden, stood where the palace is now. West of it were open fields, some of them marsh land, and when the Duke of Buckingham rebuilt the house in the beginning of the eighteenth century he describes, in a letter to another duke, the view of "a meadow full of cattle beneath, no disagreeable object in the midst of a great city." On this meadow, which in 1675 was rented by Thoby Beale and Joseph Keeling, according to a map in the Crace collection, Grosvenor Place and Belgrave Square were afterwards built. Goring House had been placed right across an ancient pathway which led from Tyburn to Westminster by Tothill Fields; and it is more than probable that this path, the line of which is preserved by Park Lane and Constitution Hill, was a Roman road, and perhaps a British road, the same which the Saxons named the Watling Street. The Thames was crossed somewhere near Westminster Abbey, in the nave of which a Roman pavement was recently found; but whether there was a ford or a ferry does not appear. Could we follow this old roadway from Westminster towards Hyde Park Corner as it was when Henry VIII. dispossessed the abbot, it would be hard to recognize any of the modern geographical features. Instead of the wide triangle where the Wellington Statue now rests on its way to the melting-pot, we might have seen a clump of trees at the top of a steep slope. This was "Brook Shott," a field which stretched from the Watling Street eastward down to the brook, or Tyburn. At the Corner another road crossed the Watling Street. This, one of the great western thoroughfares, must have been in existence as early as the tenth century, when there is mention of the Cowford. The

Cowford was then the only way of crossing the Tyburn for a traveller entering London from the westward. Long before the time of the suppression, however, the Stonebridge had taken the place of the Cowford, and a passenger, except when there was a flood, had no more difficulty here than in crossing the Westbourne by the Knightsbridge, a few hundred yards further west. As late as 1692, however, a temporary Speaker had to be chosen for a conference between the Lords and Commons, because, owing to the state of this road in the beginning of March, Sir Robert Atkyns could not get into town from Kensington where he lived, and after heavy rain the lower part of the valley was under water. Rosamond's Pond, a sort of double to the more famous Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park, was fed by these overflows, and was only filled up in 1856, when the last relic of the Tyburn disappeared. This was the scene of Harriet Westbrook's suicide in 1816.

In a map of 1767 we have still many of the old names. All that part of Piccadilly which lay between Park Lane and Brick Street, stretching up the western slope from the brook, was "Shoulder of Mutton Field," Down Street marking the centre of the side facing Portugal Street, as that part of Piccadilly was called after the marriage of Charles II. Opposite what is now called Brick Street, formerly Engine Street, is the Stonebridge, and the brook falls into the Park by a "gully hole." A statuary's yard is on either side of the brook at Brick Street, and we are reminded that then and long after Piccadilly presented the same appearance which Euston Road presents now. Leadon figures to support dials were also made here, and one of them probably survives in a picturesque corner of Clement's Inn. The brook, winding southward from the bridge and gully-hole, divided Brook Shott from Stonebridge Close, which Charles II. added to St. James's, giving it the name of the Upper Park. Strange to say, none of the numerous historians of London have given us the origin of the two principal local names. "Constitution Hill" and the "Green" Park, are equally unaccounted for, as is the fact that the entrance to Hyde Park opposite "Brook Shott" has never received any name at all. Over the side gates we only read "Hyde Park Corner." When the Ranger's Lodge was built opposite Down Street, Brook Shott became an ornamental plantation, and was known as the Wilderness. The lodge itself, which was popularly supposed to have been built from a design by King George III., but which was carried out by Adam, was pulled down in 1842, and soon after the brick wall along Piccadilly was removed, and railings substituted. Meanwhile the fields on the northern side of the road had disappeared as completely as the brook, by whose side they lay. Mayfair used to be held in Great Brookfield, and a permanent row of stalls became eventually Shepherd's Market. Further up the stream the slope on the eastern side rose precipitously. Hay Hill was opposite to a little islet, nit, or ay, and forms now the roadway across "Pinneless Bank," probably called after some tenant of Hay Hill Farm. If Hill Street and Farm Street mark the site of the farmhouse, it must have been on the opposite or right bank of the Tyburn. From Hay Hill to Piccadilly the little river ran through a very circuitous course, first under the north wing of Lansdowne House, and not, as is often asserted, under the Passage; then behind Bolton Row to Clarges Street, across Curzon Street, through Shepherd's Market, and under Brick Street to the Park. Engine Street, the old name of the Piccadilly end of Brick Street, was probably called after some kind of water-wheel, or "engine," used by the stonecutter through whose yard the brook flowed. North-east of the Stonebridge was a "field" called after it, like the "close" on the opposite side. Stonebridge Field was the paddock of the Half Moon Inn, and is now covered by Half Moon Street. The inn stood at the corner as lately as 1752, as Mr. Wheatley tells us in his *Round about Piccadilly and Pall Mall*, a pleasant volume, in which the later history of the district may be found. Here we have only attempted to reconstruct some forgotten chapters of its early history, and to try and realize its appearance when the open hills and pastures stretched away northward to St. Marylebone and south-westward to Chelsea; when Constitution Hill was a wooded eminence between two valleys; when the Watling Street ran along its crest; when Knight's Bridge and Stone Bridge were high brick archways over flooded streams; and when the traveller had still a full mile to go before he reached the wall of the abbot's garden, and turned through the path "along the Seven Acre Field," now contracted into Long Acre, and so reached the comparatively inhabited region of Drury Lane.

NANA-SAHIB AT THE PORTE ST-MARTIN.

INDIA is becoming fashionable in Paris. No comic opera can really succeed without the aid of a ballet in a jungle, or at the very least a love scene beneath the shadow of large prickly leaves. The picture-dealers' windows are grey with Indian elephants, and the third-rate poets' volumes are scarlet with Indian word-paintings. Owing to some strange chain of circumstances which it would be idle to strive to explain, it has become a matter of common knowledge to the Parisians that India is governed by that strange race which lives on the other side of the Channel, and whose ways are not as the ways of the French. It would probably puzzle M. Jean Richepin to have to say how the English got there, but, failing this, he has found it good to explain to his compatriots the manner in which they have behaved in the "pays

conquis." The most ignorant chiffonnier knows that the English are a cold people but eccentric withal; and M. Jean Richepin, who has frequented the haunts of that admirable race which is doomed to disappear at no distant date, and who can write about them very charmingly, shares in this precious knowledge. Accordingly we find a cold eccentric sergeant in the first scene of *Nana-Sahib* who shouts, "Hurrah pour la vieille Angleterre!" and menaces every one with his cane. In the following scene a group of Indian workmen express their disgust at having to work for the English, until one Cimron, of whom we hear more later on, pronounces the "mot de la fin" in a fashion worthy of "l'ouvrier Fr-r-çais" at a "punch of indignation," and remarks that:—

Le mal, c'est de servir, d'un cœur non révolté,
Un maître, quel qu'il soit.

But we may pass over the earlier scenes of *Nana-Sahib*, merely noting the existence of a cousin of the hero, Tippoo-Rai by name, and of his daughter Djaunna, who is the betrothed of Nana-Sahib.

The scene in which Djaunna distributes gifts to the people is well arranged, and contains some of the most charming verse that M. Richepin has yet written. We need hardly add that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt does full justice to M. Richepin's lines, of which her delivery is faultlessly melodious. The keystone of the piece is to be found in the sixth scene, in which Cimron tells the Rajah Tippoo-Rai that he alone possesses the secret of the fabulous treasures of the hidden temple of Siva, which he promises to reveal if the Rajah will permit him to marry Djaunna—threatening at the same time to sell his secret to the English in case of a refusal. Tippoo-Rai, the only one of M. Richepin's lunatics who is occasionally troubled with a lucid interval, has him promptly haled to prison, and the curtain falls. In the following act we are treated to a taste of English justice in India. On one side of the stage Nana-Sahib is seen reclining on a tiger skin; on the other the governor of the province, Lord Whisley, sits under a dais with his daughter, Miss Ellen, beside him, and his staff, the seediest-looking staff ever seen, grouped round him. Lord Whisley makes a speech such as only a man called Whisley could be capable of producing, and invites any natives who have received bad treatment at the hands of the English to come forward, that justice—by which such justice as perfidious Albion can mete out to a conquered race, is meant—may be done. From among other matter of the same description, we extract the following:—

UN VIEILLARD.

Monseigneur, tout cela n'est rien. Moi j'ai surpris
Un de vos officiers, un de votre entourage....
Ma pauvre fille, hélas!... vous comprenez ma rage,
N'est-ce pas, monseigneur? vous êtes père aussi.
Vengez ma fille!....

The culprit having been pointed out, Lord Whisley addresses him—

LORD WHISLEY À L'OFFICIER.

Lieutenant, vous étiez pris de boisson, j'espère?
C'est honteux. Vous paieriez vingt livres à ce père
Et garderez huit jours les arrêts de rigueur.

Nana-Sahib orders those who have complained of English cruelty for instant execution, and does all he can think of to exasperate his subjects, who begin to protest by ominous murmurs.

It is now that "le Yogui," who occupies a prominent place in the subsequent action of the piece, appears. The people kneel as he passes, and the sergeant to whom we have already referred falls to beating him till his cane breaks. "Miss Ellen," who sees a fancied resemblance in him to the prophet Isaiah, intercedes for him, and he is allowed to speak; whereupon he preaches revolt and death to the English. A scuffle follows, in which the sergeant is shot by a man in the crowd who has wrested his pistol from him, and Nana-Sahib flashes out in his true character, handing over the English staff to the tender mercies of the crowd, while he keeps Lord Whisley and his daughter as hostages. This scene is perhaps better worth studying than any other in the play; it gives us an opportunity of judging M. Richepin at his best, in his triple capacity as poet, dramatic author, and actor. Amongst other foolish and untrue remarks that have been made concerning M. Richepin, it has been said that he is like M. Mounet Sully—a resemblance which is strictly limited to the fact that they are both of Southern origin and have black hair. M. Richepin has many excellent intentions as an actor, and his delivery of verse is that of a cultivated man familiar with the true meaning of the words he recites, "which is an accomplishment seldom to be met with" on the French or on any other stage. He has, however, the great disadvantage of possessing a voice which is slightly displeasing at the best of times, and which becomes distressingly discordant under the influence of fatigue. In "La chanson des gueux" he has given evidence of the possession of a poetic faculty by no means to be despised, and in the scene of *Nana-Sahib* under our present consideration he shows considerable ability in working up to a "situation." The speech in which Nana-Sahib reveals his true self to the mob who had hitherto hated him is very powerful and very dexterously put together. We quote the concluding lines from it:—

O mon peuple, à présent comprends-tu ma colère?
Dans l'esclavage heureux tu pouvais te complaire.
Je ne l'ai pas voulu. Je t'ai martyrisé,
J'ai fait le joug si lourd que ton front l'a brisé.

Ce palais de ma haine est un noir bâtiment
Dont les fondations ont la mort pour ciment.
Mes crimes et vos deuils en ont sculpté la porte;
Mais puisqu'il est debout, ô mon peuple, qu'importe?

O palais de ma haine, enfin je te contemple
Comme un dieu réveillé qui marche dans son temple!

There are also passages of rare energy in the Yogui's speech; but we may add that, in common with Nana-Sahib's outburst, to which we have referred above, it is too long for the purposes of stage representation.

The remainder of the play shows a lamentable falling off from the promise of this act. To return to the plot, we find that from this point onwards things get terribly mixed. In the following act Nana-Sahib appears much distressed that Djaunna hesitates to marry him at once, and reproaches his father with hesitating between adopting his cause or that of the English. The Yogui now appears, and upbraids Nana-Sahib for his want of ferocity, and for not having turned loose all the criminals who were in prison. On hearing this, the rebel declares that he has given an order that all prisoners should be liberated; whereupon the Yogui replies that he has just freed with his own hands a prisoner who was rivetted to the pavement. This prisoner of course proves to be Cimron, who repeats his story of the treasure, and promises it this time to Nana-Sahib, on his former conditions. He is met by a violent refusal, and led back to prison. The Yogui rages and storms, and Nana-Sahib gives the orders for the massacre of Cawnpore—which takes place on the stage. In the next act we find "mylord Whisley" and "Miss Ellen" imprisoned in a palace, where Djaunna is awaiting the return of Nana-Sahib, who, with his followers, is being hard pressed by the English troops under the command of an officer who is indifferently termed "Lord Edwards" and "Sir Edwards." Djaunna comes to the conclusion that Nana-Sahib is in love with Miss Ellen, and, in order to get rid of her rival connives at her escape. Miss Ellen refuses to leave her father, who makes a grandiloquent speech, in which, among other things, he says, in a voice of cold, eccentric sorrow, as becomes an Englishman,

Mais il faut me quitter. L'honneur vous le défend,
Dites vous. Miss Ellen, je pense le contraire.

"Miss Ellen" is convinced, and goes. Lord Whisley sits and cries in a corner; sounds of fighting are heard outside; and Nana-Sahib rushes in covered with wounds, any one of which ought to have killed him on the spot. After a great deal of bluster, he learns of Miss Ellen's escape, and turns upon Lord Whisley, whom he menaces with torture unless he makes an address to his soldiers, who are now under the walls of the palace, telling them to let Nana-Sahib and his supporters pass out with the honours of war, and to leave the country. Lord Whisley mounts a parapet at the back of the stage, and begins a speech—

Soldats de l'Angleterre,

C'est toujours moi qui suis votre chef militaire—

and goes on to explain the situation, and ends by calling on them to shoot him. A mighty banging follows, and Lord Whisley falls, after making triumphant gesticulations in Nana-Sahib's face. Nana-Sahib abuses Djaunna roundly, and jumps off the parapet.

In the next act the mutiny is over and a divertissement takes place in honour of Lord, or Sir, Edwards. We are accordingly made to endure a miserable ballet, for which M. Massenet has written some of the feeblest music ever heard. In addition to this we are afflicted by a bad imitation of a drum and fife band playing a hideous travesty of the march in *Sampson*. Djaunna is to be made to marry Cimron. Nana-Sahib appears disguised as a pariah. Tippoo-Rai recognizes him, but he escapes through one of his former soldiers committing perjury and stabbing himself. Miss Ellen fails to recognize Nana-Sahib out of gratitude to Djaunna for letting her escape—and Djaunna declares him to be dead, and promises to marry Cimron. These things being done, Cimron fulfils his promise to Tippoo-Rai by leading him and Djaunna to the hidden temple of Siva in a huge subterranean cavern, the centre of which is occupied by a statue of the god seated on an enormous funeral pyre. Tippoo-Rai becomes like one distraught at the sight of the endless treasures that surround him. Cimron makes a rush for Djaunna, when Nana-Sahib suddenly appears. They fight, and Cimron is wounded—a love-scene follows between Djaunna and Nana-Sahib. In the meantime Cimron sets light to the pyre; they all die, and the curtain falls. It will have been seen that the Porte St.-Martin tradition of killing and slaying has been worthily upheld by M. Richepin, and that "l'eccentricité britannique" has been done full justice to. Of M. Richepin's performance as an actor we need say nothing further. M. Laray murders the verses consigned to his care in the part of the Yogui with great spirit and bravery, and M. Volny labours hard to make the character of Cimron interesting. We think that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's interpretation of the part of Djaunna is, especially in the latter scenes, very inferior to any performance she has hitherto achieved, but the part is in itself terribly monotonous. In conclusion we can only say that as a drama in verse *Nana-Sahib* is unique as a combination of undeniably fine qualities, common rant, and sheer absurdity.

PRINCESS IDA.

IT is well that Mr. Gilbert should have abandoned to a considerable extent the peculiar vein which he has been for some time back industriously working. The wit and humorous fancy of the author of the *Bab Ballads* are not to be denied; but his operatic settings of these pieces had begun to show an unmistakable similarity. The same figures were apt to reappear under different names. The old woman who was a pew-opener in *The Sorcerer* was found again as a bumboat woman in *H.M.S. Pinafore*; as the handmaiden Ruth in *The Pirates of Penzance*; with little variation as the full-blown Lady Jane in *Patience*; and once more as a principal fairy in *Iolanthe*, the jest being that their mature bosoms were always moved by love. The House of Peers, the army, the navy, the Church, and the Bar had been pressed into service, and had sung songs and choruses jointly and severally. It has been impossible for the spectator to avoid wondering what the next variation of the theme—an ingenious theme in itself, but, like other good things, apt to pall—would resemble. Instead of going on, Mr. Gilbert has gone back; has unearthed a travesty written and acted fourteen years ago, and has very skilfully dressed it out in accordance with the spirit of the age and the peculiar taste of Savoy audiences. It was upon the Poet-Laureate's charming melody *The Princess* that Mr. Gilbert's eye lighted when, early in his career, he was asked to write a burlesque for the Olympic; and this "respectful perversion," then called *The Princess*, now renamed *Princess Ida*; or, *Castle Adamant*, but scarcely touched as regards the blank-verse dialogue, he has put upon the stage of the Savoy. There is so much beauty and feeling in the Laureate's poem that it will occur to many readers, as it occurred when the much coarser Olympic version was given, that Mr. Gilbert might have left Tennyson alone. This, however, is an age when letting things alone is little understood. Anything, even the dainty *Miranda*, is prey for the professional humorist, and it may be cordially admitted that if *The Princess* came to be marked out for parody, it is well that Mr. Gilbert undertook the work. It might have fallen into very much worse hands; and it is not without a shudder that one thinks into what those hands might, and doubtless would, have fashioned it. The author of *Princess Ida* has done his work not without delicacy and grace, so far as these qualities were possible. He shows some respect for his subject, which is, with some not unimportant exceptions, rather weakened than vulgarized. For a favourable instance we may refer to the catch sung when

Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd glass had wrought,
Or mastered by the sense of sport, began
To troll a careless, careless tavern catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
Unmeet for ladies.

As for the Princess Ida herself—

Liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun
Than our man's earth—

her serene loveliness was not, and could not be, a fitting subject for comic treatment; and Mr. Gilbert has done well—putting aside the question whether in taking *The Princess* for an opera he did well at all—in avoiding the attempt to satirize the character in detail. To make the Lady Blanche, professor of abstract science, talk as she does here, is fair game, and the questions of Hilarion and his friends, "Are you that Lady Psyche?" are really parodied with genuine humour in the question asked in the "Perversion" as to whether she is indeed that learned little Psyche, who

At school alarmed her mates because she called
A buttercup "Ranunculus bulbosus."

and put to shame visitors at dessert by showing her knowledge, and their probable ignorance, of the date when Hipparchus first determined longitude. Nor, taking all things into consideration, is there fault to be found with the representation of Hilarion, Cyril, and Florian, for that they should not be what the poem pictures is inevitable. Arac and his brothers, on the other hand, are mere figures of burlesque; some broad fun seemed desirable to the author, and from this trio he sought, not unsuccessfully, to obtain it. King Gama is an ingenious creature for the most part, cleverly worked out in the little that is seen of him; but the endeavour to impart a comic side to King Hildebrand has been perhaps less happily undertaken.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is of varied merit. More than once, as in the Princess's last song, "I built upon the rock," he seems to be setting Tennyson rather than Mr. Gilbert. There is here a depth of sensibility, a mournfulness even, which is beyond the domain of comic opera, and the accompaniment, in which the brass figures largely, gives special character to the number, written rather for musicians than for that portion of the audience that delights in a jingling tune, the more so if it be followed by a grotesque dance. Throughout Sir Arthur is melodious, though not a few of his melodies have been heard before, and some are certainly commonplace. The opening solo, with a refrain of "Who can tell?" might have been supplied by the conductor of the Christy Minstrels, and the action of the choristers is also taken from the same source; but when Sir Arthur reproduces anybody's music it is nearly always his own. Thus, the song of "The Ape and the Lady" did duty in *Patience* as "The Magnet and the Churn"; a quartette from *Patience* is also strongly suggested, and in another place the

composer must have forgotten that his *Martyr of Antioch* is in existence. But much of the music is fresh, and it is all scored with that fancy and command of orchestral resource which always distinguish Sir Arthur's work. When he has nothing in particular to say, as in Hilarion's ballad, "Ida was a twelvemonth old," the strings *pizzicato* give grace to the composition, and there is distinct drollery in the accompaniment to the song and trio, for Arac and his brethren, "We are warriors three." Bass chords support the first verse, brass boldly aids the assertion "On the whole we are not intelligent"; and the delight of the warriors in their own trade of fighting is emphasized by rapid and elaborate passages for the flute. Gama's "patter song," with its ingenious confession of ignorance as to the cause of his unpopularity, "I can't think why!" at the end of each verse is an excellent specimen of its class; the trio "Expressive glances" is pretty, and in the finale Sir Arthur plays lightly with what might readily be elaborated into a striking number. The skill with which author and composer work into each other's hands is well shown in the mock earnestness of the setting of Lady Blanche's song, "Come mighty Must, inevitable Shall!" but it may be remarked that Mr. Gilbert's customary neatness of rhyme is by no means displayed in the lines

Go mocking Is!
Go disappointing Was!
That I am this
Ye are the cursed cause!

To this follows the charming trio for Hilarion, Cyril, and Florian, "Gently, gently." Violins and flutes are pleasantly employed in the accompaniment; the airiness and gaiety of the young men entering with light hearts on their adventure is admirably expressed. Not less melodious is the refrain, "Sing Hoity, toity!" a sort of madrigal, in the duet for Melissa and Lady Blanche. The violin passages impart some interest to a song for King Hildebrand in the finale to the first act proper, where, in order to get male voices upon the stage, Hilarion's father is made to gain admission to Castle Adamant. The ensemble was not heard to advantage on the first night; but its shortcomings have since been set right. It is understood that Sir Arthur Sullivan does not put the finishing touches to his score till the rehearsals have made some progress and he has seen what is wanted for the situation; and a little more rehearsal of this finale—which nevertheless was encoored—was at first evidently desirable. It is pleasant to note that the desire has since been fulfilled. The opening chorus of the third act is completely successful. The Princess's ladies are discovered in suits of mail, singing boldly "Death to the invader!" while in the orchestra a rush of ascending and descending scales suggests the preparation for the combat. The martial music breaks off to give place to Melissa's candid confession that all this is merely the courage they are instructed to display, while their true sentiments are set forth in the innocent, prettily pleading chorus, "Please you, do not hurt us, Soldiers disconcert us." The well-marked rhythm of the song in which Arac and his brothers discard their armour is also effective, and it is much to say for the finale that it comes in offensively after the utterance of the Laureate's own words:—

We will walk the world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end!
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows! Indeed I love thee—Come!

In all the pieces which Mr. Gilbert puts on the stage the acting is, so far as the capacity of the players goes, a reproduction of the author's ideas. The parts are simply what Mr. Gilbert makes them; and he certainly turns his material to good account. Now and again members of the company who have been highly praised for their performance at the Savoy have tried to run alone, with unfortunate results. Mr. Grossmith, as Gama, does very well in the first scene, as also when, in the last act, he describes the miseries he has endured because his captor has insisted on treating him well. His songs and dialogue are indeed so well given that one greatly wishes for more of them. Mr. Bracy as Hilarion, and Mr. Durward Lely as Cyril, were probably as satisfactory a pair of players as could be found for the parts; and Mr. Richard Temple did vigorous service as Arac. All three are trained vocalists, and, moreover, have voices quite sufficient for the purpose of light opera. Mr. Barrington does better with the part of King Hildebrand than he has done with any part for a long time. Of the ladies, Miss Brandram's Lady Blanche was consistently clever; Miss Bond made a bright and piquant Melissa; and Miss Braham, as Princess Ida, sang well and spoke her lines with a full appreciation of their significance. An American actress who was engaged for the character is reported to have differed from the management as to the necessity for rehearsal, and the engagement was broken off. The choristers want more drilling yet. It is evident that pains have been taken with them, but they are but fitfully attentive; they hardly realize their responsibilities, or perceive that each person on the stage is bearing part in the scene. The sumptuous dresses, the velvets, and the figured satins are a concession to the popular cry for lavish mounting, whether it be appropriate or inappropriate. The "sweet girl graduates" are, in truth, ill suited by the rich brocades they wear, and these dresses, moreover, do not fall gracefully so as to suit the reclining attitudes in stage pictures reproduced from *Patience*. The expenses of putting such a piece on the stage are more than ten times what they would have been ten years since, and the lavishness seems sometimes ill bestowed, though the steel and brass coats of mail worn by the defenders of Castle Adamant in the last

act are very effective. On the whole, the piece is one which even cordial admirers of the Laureate's poem may enjoy, and if they are inclined to regret the handling of the poem for stage purposes, they will do well to remember that a roaring burlesque might have been written by a comic playwright who would inevitably have had Lady Blanche played by a man in petticoats, while some one else sang a "screaming" parody of "Tears, idle tears."

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

(Second Notice.)

IF, in examining the portraits, we want to find an absolutely perfect example—perfect, that is, as regards the rest of Sir Joshua's work—we might perhaps pitch upon No. 89. It is described in the catalogue as "Mrs. Morris, wife of Mr., afterwards Sir John Morris," and belongs to Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, who is to be congratulated on its possession, and on the possession also of a picture which many will regard as the gem of the collection now being exhibited at the rooms of the Royal Academy. This is Claude's "St. Philip baptizing the Eunuch" (167), a noble picture, and in perfect preservation, though subdued and even cold in colour. The "Mrs. Morris" is in equally good condition, the colour remaining fresh and apparently as brilliant as when it was painted. The face is exquisitely beautiful, and it is impossible not to wish that we had a little more information as to the sitter's identity. If she was the wife of Sir John Morris who was made a baronet in 1806, she is wrongly described, as she survived long enough to be called Lady Morris, not dying indeed until 1812. This Lady Morris was Henrietta, daughter of Sir Philip Musgrave of Edenhall, and one of her husband's sisters was the wife of Noel Desenfans, whose name is commemorated by the Dulwich Gallery. "Mrs. Morris" is not to be confounded with the pretty Miss Morris, the actress, whom Sir Joshua painted several times, and who again is not the same who when Dr. Johnson lay dying came for his blessing. In the Academy exhibition there is a semi-nude "Hope nursing Love," (18), which belongs to Lord Lansdowne, and is said in the Catalogue to be a portrait of the unfortunate "Miss Morris, daughter of Mr. Valentine Morris, Governor of one of the West India Islands; being in impoverished circumstances after the death of her father, she went on the stage, and appeared as Juliet, at Covent Garden, in November, 1768, but broke down, and was never able to appear again; she fell into a rapid decline, and died on the 1st May, 1769." The same year, at the opening of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua exhibited this lovely picture, and three others. The lady who heard Dr. Johnson's last words in 1784 is described as the "daughter to a particular friend of his," and may very well have been daughter or sister-in-law of the Lady Morris mentioned above. In the Grosvenor Catalogue (42) she is confounded with Miss Morris, the actress, who, as we have seen, had been dead fifteen years at the time.

Although the portrait of Lady Morris is in many respects the best preserved, best painted, and most beautiful in the Gallery, the three "Ladies Walpole" (27) is more important and more popular. Horace Walpole, for whom it was painted, describes it thus:—"Lady Laura, afterwards Lady Chewton, is in the middle; Lady Maria is on her right; and Lady Horatia is working at the tambour." These ladies were the daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester by her first husband—that Duchess whose marriage was one of the causes of the Royal Marriage Act. Walpole wished for a picture like that of the three Misses Montgomery, which was painted in 1774, and represents them as Graces decorating a terminal figure, intended, according to the National Gallery Catalogue, for a figure of Hymen. The three Walpoles were painted six years later, and were intended by their grand-uncle to be seen decorating a statue of the Duchess, their mother. Sir Joshua, however, preferred to make the scene domestic, and they sit accordingly at a work-table, in the most natural manner possible, and with as little the appearance of sitting for their portraits as if they were unconscious of it. There may be something in Taylor's suggestion that at the time when this picture was painted they were all three suffering from private grief, two having been jilted, and the third, Lady Horatia, who looks down so sadly with her graceful head on one side, having lost her lover, a duke, by death. Mr. Stephens well points out in the Catalogue that "some of Reynolds's finest pictures on these walls were produced about this time, and that several of them are like this group, studies in white." He instances "Circe" (11), "Lavinia, Countess Spencer" (124), "Lady Anne Bingham" (112), and "Mrs. Pelham" (9). All these were produced in or about 1781. Among them was the exquisite "Mrs. Hoare and her Child," which belongs to Sir Richard Wallace, and which we regret not to see here, the more so as the lovely Mrs. Hartley, represented in No. 139, and described by us last week, is said by some authorities to be the daughter of Mrs. Hoare. Mrs. Berkeley Paget, whose portrait by Hoppner is in the Royal Academy (1), might give Mr. Galton an admirable example of hereditary beauty; for she was the daughter of Mrs. Grimston, who was the daughter of Mrs. Hoare, and may be the very child represented in Sir Richard Wallace's picture, which is usually described as "Mother and Son." Mrs. Hoare, however, left no son. Mrs. Grimston's portrait by Reynolds is No. 199 in the Academy Catalogue. The "Circe" (11) is one of Reynolds's most wonderful triumphs. She is seated in a dignified attitude, and appears to be hardening her heart against the mute appeals of

the leopard, cat, and owl whom she has bewitched. Mr. Stephens gives some very unsavoury details as to the immoral life of the Mrs. Nesbitt who sat for this picture in a pure white dress. Higher up on the same wall is "Mrs. Pelham feeding Chickens" (9). This is a subject painted by Reynolds about the same time as "Circe," and is said to have been a magnificent picture. We fail to see anything in the canvas now before us except a poor copy of a well-known print after Reynolds's "Mrs. Pelham." By way, we presume, of cleaning or restoration, a very inferior artist has been at the trouble of repainting the whole, in a scale of colour and with a heaviness of hand as unlike Reynolds as it is untrue to nature. Reynolds's work does not bear this kind of treatment. When "Mrs. Pelham" was at Manchester in 1857 few pictures were more admired, and it is at least satisfactory that it was so well engraved by Dickenson. The delicate varnish with which it is said Reynolds actually mixed his colours to obtain his finest effects cannot be removed without bringing the picture itself away. We mentioned last week another picture, the "Master Wynn as St. John," which has similarly suffered.

The Spencer pictures were so long on loan at South Kensington that they are very familiar. "Lady Anne Bingham" represents the lovely, coquettish face of Lady Spencer's youngest sister, the daughter of the first Earl of Lucan. She died unmarried in 1840, fifty-four years after she had sat to Reynolds. Her sister is represented in No. 118 and in No. 124. She was married in 1781 to the second Earl Spencer, and was mother of the celebrated Lord Althorp. The Catalogue (p. 50) describes her in 1782 as "afterwards Countess Spencer," which is evidently wrong, while (p. 47) Dr. Hamilton's picture of her (118), which was painted before her marriage, is described as "Lavinia, Countess Spencer." Another portrait lent by Lord Spencer is Georgiana, Countess Spencer, and her daughter, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. It was painted much earlier—namely, in 1769—and represents the wife of the first Earl, who died in 1783, so that No. 118 should be "Lady Lavinia Bingham," and No. 124 "Lady Althorp," as it was painted after her marriage, but before her husband's succession to the earldom. Another picture painted in Reynolds's prime—namely, in 1780—is "Lady Beaumont" (183). It is rather unfortunately hung, and should be beside the interesting but ugly "Sir George Beaumont" (8), who lived long enough to be the friend first of Reynolds and afterwards of Wordsworth, and to whom we owe the gift of several fine pictures now in the National Gallery. The lady was still a bride when Reynolds painted this exquisite likeness, and survived till 1829, having been left a childless widow two years before. The head of Sir George was painted long after that of his wife—namely, in 1787. On the same wall with Lady Beaumont is "The Gleaners; or, The Cottagers" (185), which is one of the least satisfactory, though one of the largest pictures here. It represents Macklin's wife, their daughter, and a friend, Miss Pott, afterwards Mrs. Landseer, the mother of Sir Edwin and his brothers. Another fine but unsatisfactory picture in this vestibule is that of Angelica Kauffman, who is represented as in a cave, engraving her name on a rock. Her attitude is absurdly affected; she holds a crayon in an absolutely impossible way; the face is very plain and unpleasing; and, in short, the best thing in the picture, which is likely to disappoint admirers of "Miss Angel," is the drapery, which very possibly Reynolds did not paint himself. Beside it is a picture so very different in every respect that it is difficult to understand how both proceeded from the same studio. It is the original and famous "Admiral Keppel" (181), and is a magnificent work, well worthy both of the artist and also of the hero, who was the second son of the second Earl of Albemarle, and, having been made a viscount, died unmarried in 1786. It was in his ship that Reynolds visited the Mediterranean. The great "Alderman Beckford" (179) is lent by his descendant the Duke of Hamilton. The face is very fine, and the background is a view of the Thames, with London Bridge and St. Paul's. As it was painted in 1755, it is one of Reynolds's early efforts, but shows no want of skill. Beckford's son, the author of *Vathek*, is also represented by a very incomplete-looking head, for which he sat in the great year 1782. A large, but not very meritorious, work adjoins the "Alderman Beckford." It is the "Duke of Cumberland," the hero of Culloden, and certainly shows little of Reynolds's usual power. The Duke was probably a bad sitter and certainly a bad model, and the best part of the picture is the treatment of the details of the costume. It cannot be said with any truth that Reynolds flattered people of rank, though readers who have much leisure and like to be surprised may see an opposite view put forward in last week's *Spectator*. It would be interesting to know if the art critic of our contemporary really visited the Grosvenor Gallery before he wrote this startling article.

There are some five-and-twenty Reynoldses in all at the Royal Academy, and we hope to notice some more of them next week. The remarkable attitude—to call it no more—of the Academy to critics, upon which we have before now had occasion to comment, does not, however, encourage those short and frequently repeated views of an important work or set of works which are absolutely necessary to anything like careful criticism, and which are so easily obtained at the Grosvenor. In addition to the Reynoldses there are nine Gainsboroughs and eight Romneys, in addition to the lovely Hoppner noticed above. The Pooles, however, form another example of the trial to which an exhibition of many works by the same artist together subjects his fame. If it is true, as we have heard, that the pictures of this deceased Academician have

declined in value, we may feel sure that this exhibition will not raise them again. One Poole or even two might be useful in a gallery, partly for their own sake, but chiefly as a foil to other pictures; a room full of them is too much.

THE PIPER OF HAMELIN.

THE remarkable enterprise of Mr. Carl Rosa has not only greatly incited the revival of English opera, but has also produced competition—a natural result where opera receives no State support, and where free-trade is almost a national creed. Mr. Rosa's energy and zeal are so well appreciated, however, that he need never anticipate the old Virgilian situation and the bitterness of *sic vos non vobis*. It does not appear that the hearty faith in native genius generally expressed during Mr. Rosa's last season has much depth or constancy. Mr. T. H. Friend, at least, begins his first London season with a foreign production. It is true that English opera is not to be entirely displaced in Mr. Friend's programme by opera in English, and we must be grateful for the promise of Mr. Julian Edwards's *Victorian*, one more work that may feed the new enthusiasm for English dramatic music.

The Piper of Hamelin, given on Monday at Covent Garden for the first time in London, is a version by Mr. Henry Hersée of Herr Nessler's *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, produced with marked success at Leipzig in 1879. It was first performed in English last winter at Manchester, where also it was well received. This success is from the nature of the music inevitable. It is easy to speak of it as a reaction from Wagner's overpowering predominance. Apart from this mighty influence—less general even in Germany than is sometimes imagined—it is certain that most people with "music in their souls" love occasionally to unbend; they cannot sympathize with that inflexible dogmatism which recognizes one interpretation of music, and one only; they cannot for ever exist in the cult of what Berlioz called *la musique sans mélodie*, nor be perpetually in the ecstasy of an *O altitudo*. Herr Nessler's music is not always strikingly original, nor is it frequently very dramatic, but it abounds in taking arias and good concerted pieces; it is attractive, melodious, and natural, and "being natural, naturally pleases."

The libretto by Friedrich Hofmann is founded on the familiar legend so admirably treated by Mr. Browning. It is obvious that much must be added to material so slight in order to obtain dramatic vitality and value. The result is scarcely satisfactory; the construction is loose, several scenes being mere padding; the situations are often feeble, and the interest ill sustained. The action so closely follows the legend that it is unnecessary to describe it at length. The Piper's fascination has, however, a more extended range, and involves the love of women, the jealousy of men, as well as the destruction of children and rats. Having ensnared Gertrude and separated her from her faithful swain, Wulff, the Piper proceeds to charm the heart of Regina, the Mayor's daughter, on the eve of her wedding, and obtains a kiss as a reward for his sweet singing. For this crime he is sentenced to death as a sorcerer, but Gertrude is enabled to save him, under a convenient statute, and then drowns herself. To avenge her death and his own ill-treatment, the Piper then lures the children into the fatal hill. This last scene is picturesquely treated and finely imagined. In the first act the most notable numbers are a quaint ballad, "When I was young," a beautiful song, "Oh, strange and sweet," with a bewitching accompaniment, admirably sung by Miss Helen Armstrong, and a setet in canon, written with much science, and full of distinction and grace. Throughout the opera the Piper introduces his songs with an engaging frankness; he is a lyrical person with a bird-like soul, and cares nothing for dramatic obligations. His songs have not a little sameness, but they are always tuneful and pleasing; the best are, "Of her, my darling," and the Knapsack Song, the latter very piquant with its forlorn chorale refrain. In the third act a capital song, "Open, cloister portals," in the style of the popular *Studentenlieder*, was given with great unction by Messrs. Charles Lyall and E. Muller. The quality of the music decidedly deteriorates in the fourth act, though it includes the culminating scene of the kiss. In the last act a short march, of no particular merit, heralds the approach of Regina and the bridegroom, who enter the church followed by the Piper, who soon afterwards reappears with the children at his heels. Gathering them about him, he sings the song of enticement, which is characterized by a weird indescribable charm, and while the devotional music blends with his melody, he proceeds over the bridge. The congregation issue from the church only to see their children disappear in the hill, and the fall of the bridge into the river.

Allowing for the unavoidable drawbacks of a first night, the representation was fairly good. An excellent orchestra, under the conduct of Mr. G. H. Betjemann, left little to be desired save in the accompaniments, which were occasionally (as in the setet) a little heavy. The arduous part of the Piper was capably filled by Mr. James Sauvage, who possesses a good style and a voice of excellent quality. Mme. Rose Hersée (Gertrude) made the most of her part, with her usual clever apprehension, displaying both spirit and intelligence; in the important scene of the last act she was heard to great advantage. Miss Catherine Devrient (Regina) so obviously suffered from nervousness that it would be unjust to chronicle our opinion of her debut. Miss Helen Armstrong (Dorothea) displayed the phrasing and accurate intonation of an

accomplished singer. Mr. Albert M'Guckin, as the Mayor, made a favourable impression, while Mr. Charles Lyall played the Town Clerk with immense humour and much effective comic business, conceived always in the true spirit of an artist, spontaneous and easy. Without being in any sense a great work *The Piper of Hamelin* is likely to hold its own in popular esteem, even in competition with operas of far loftier pretensions; and though its music is not remarkable for individuality, Herr Nessler is still a young man, and only at the outset of his career.

NEW ZEALAND BORROWING.

THE colony of New Zealand has a magnificent future, if its Government does not too heavily encumber its resources in the hurry to develop them. The appearances are that it is borrowing too rapidly. The colony is somewhat larger than Victoria; but, compared with the other Australian colonies, it is quite small. And it is to be recollected that it has not the rich gold-mines of Victoria. Besides, it has a considerable native population, which has given trouble in the past, and possibly may do so again, and which at any rate still occupies nearly a quarter of the lands of the colony; while Victoria has no native population worth speaking of. Lastly, its white population does not greatly exceed half that of Victoria. At the end of 1882 the total white population of New Zealand but slightly exceeded half a million. That is to say, it was about equal to the population of one of our great provincial towns. And this population at that time had a debt of about 30½ millions sterling. Victoria, whose population exceeded 900,000, had a debt at the time not greatly exceeding 22 millions; while New South Wales, whose population was 817,000, had a debt of barely 18½ millions. Compared with the remaining Australian colonies, the debt was enormous. Without, then, taking account of the old countries of Europe, we see that the liabilities of New Zealand are out of proportion great, even when compared with those of the most prosperous and most go-ahead of its sister colonies, with populations nearly twice as large as its own. Per head of the population, the debt of New Zealand at the end of 1882 amounted to the enormous sum of 58*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*, while that of Victoria was only 24*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*, and that of New South Wales only 22*l.* 18*s.* Again, the debt of New Zealand was equal to 7½ years' revenue of the colony; while that of Victoria was equal to somewhat less than four years, and that of New South Wales but little more than two and a half years. And what is not the least disquieting circumstance in the whole matter is that the debt has mainly grown up within the last ten years. At the end of 1873 it did not quite reach 11 millions; at the end of 1882, as already stated, it was nearly 30½ millions. In nine years, therefore, it had nearly trebled. It will cause no surprise then, that such repeated appeals to the London money market as is here implied caused some disquietude, and that at last pressure was brought to bear upon the Government of New Zealand, and a promise was extracted from it that for three years it would not again raise a loan in London. The promise expired twelve months ago, and immediately a fresh loan was brought out. Now again the Government of New Zealand is asking for another loan of a million. It is once more, that is, resuming the course which caused disquietude four or five years ago, and is adding every year seriously to its debt. Nor is it only the colony itself that is thus piling encumbrance upon encumbrance. The London Stock Exchange official list quotes no fewer than eighteen different loans of New Zealand municipalities, the present amount of which is not less than 2,315,000*l.* And one of these municipalities is at the present time applying for a fresh loan of 100,000*l.* Thus the colony and its component parts are accumulating a mass of debt which, it is to be feared, will cause serious inconvenience, unless a wiser and more prudent course is adopted.

It is to be borne in mind, of course, that the colony of New Zealand had serious native difficulties, and that in its wars with the natives it was obliged to borrow money. In this way liabilities were forced upon it from which the purely Australian colonies were happily free. It is, furthermore, to be admitted that its later debts are incurred for useful public works. At the end of 1882 it had 1,465 miles of railway actually open, and over 4,000 miles of telegraph lines likewise open. And the municipalities to which we have referred have also borrowed for the construction of useful public works. It is not to be questioned that these railways, telegraphs, harbours, and other works greatly benefit the colony. They enable immigrants to push forward, and extend the area under cultivation; they open up to the settlers new markets; they enable them to send their produce quickly down to the sea-coast, and thence to Europe; and, in short, they greatly develop the resources of the country. Without such public works population could not grow very rapidly, and wealth could not be accumulated. But just as a private owner may embarrass himself by too great haste in improving his property, so may a new community like New Zealand. As we have just been admitting, the value of a railway is not to be measured by the revenue it returns; but, on the other hand, a new and small community cannot safely disregard the earning capacity of its lines when it builds on a large scale. If a colony builds a large mileage hastily, it runs the risk of having to pay interest on large sums sunk in works which may be very useful, and in the long run may even be very profitable, but which for the time are a dead charge. The interest, therefore, will have to be

found by the taxpayer, and it may so increase his burdens as to check the growth of the colony and drive away settlers. It may, moreover, trench upon the earnings of the working classes, diminish employment, and so increase pauperism. In short, it may be laying the seeds of serious difficulties of various kinds in the future. That the condition of the colony is not thought favourable by emigrants from Europe seems clear. For in the year 1882 the excess of immigrants into the colony over emigrants from it was only 3,489; while the excess in the case of Victoria was 10,880; in that of New South Wales, 19,317; and in that of Queensland, 17,043. Again, the imports and exports together in the case of New Zealand amounted to only 29*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* per head of the population; while in the case of Victoria they amounted to 39*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.*, and in that of New South Wales to 47*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* Of course many causes affect imports and exports besides the rate of taxation, and many causes, too, tend to direct the stream of emigration one way or another. We do not, therefore, wish to attach overmuch importance to these latter figures. Nevertheless, the fact is significant that the effective immigration into New Zealand is so small; for the climate of New Zealand is certainly more favourable to Europeans than that of any part of Australia, and the soil is extremely fertile. Other things being equal, one would expect a much greater immigration into New Zealand than into any part of Australia. Still, we do not intend to say that the finances are as yet embarrassed. We are quite satisfied that the colony has a magnificent future before it if not prematurely compromised. Nor have we any wish to deny that its resources are great, that the public works being carried on are developing those resources, and that the progress of the colony, all things considered, has been fairly satisfactory. What we urge is that the debt has grown too rapidly in the past, and is growing much too rapidly at the present time; that it is growing, not only in the case of the colony itself, but in the case also of the local authorities; and that it threatens to become so heavy as seriously to embarrass the population. Another point not to be lost sight of is that, with a population but slightly exceeding half a million, the revenue of New Zealand in 1882 was nearly four millions sterling, being at the rate of 7*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.* per head of the population. The rate in Victoria was only 6*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* But in New South Wales it was as much as 9*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.* It is true that only 51 per cent. of the total revenue was raised by taxation, so that the actual taxation amounted to no more than 3*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* per head of the population. That, however, is much too heavy. It greatly exceeds the rate of taxation here at home, and it can be justified by nothing in the circumstances of the colony. The remaining revenue proceeds partly from the railways and other services, and partly from the sale of public land. The total area of the colony somewhat exceeds 66½ million acres. Of this area about 16 million acres, or nearly one-fourth, are still occupied by Maoris; and somewhat under 17½ million acres have been sold; leaving about 33½ million acres still to be disposed of. In other words, about one-third of the area in the possession of the colony has already been alienated, leaving only two-thirds open for settlers; assuming that the lands still held by the Maoris are not to be touched. The area of New Zealand somewhat exceeds that of England, Scotland, and Wales, and with one-third already alienated, the population but slightly exceeds half a million. Evidently if the Government goes on selling its lands at this rate, it will have parted with the whole long before the population has reached a respectable figure. Then it will find itself in very serious difficulties. The amount realized up to the present by the sale of lands somewhat exceeds 12 millions sterling, so that the average price obtained is only 14*s.* 1*d.* per acre.

The advocates of the policy pursued by the colony reply to such criticisms as we are now urging that the Government, as rapidly as it sells land, is building railways; that, therefore, it is merely changing the form of investment, the capital previously represented by land being henceforward represented by railways. But the answer is by no means sufficient. When the land is all bought by private owners there will be no inducement for emigrants from Europe to go to New Zealand; unless, indeed, there is such a development of manufactures as there is no reason to anticipate. European emigrants will therefore turn away from New Zealand to the colonies of Australia, where land will still continue abundant. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that with the growth of wealth and population the value of land will rise, and that, instead of 14*s.* 1*d.* per acre, as the Government has obtained up to the present, the price of an acre of land will be represented by pounds. It would be a much wiser course, then, to be chary of the sale of land. Nor is it to be forgotten that, when the land is all sold, the difficulty which is becoming greater and greater every day in the Old World will have to be faced by the New Zealand Government. The land will be monopolized, as the opponents of landlordism term it, and a struggle will begin between the landless and the landowners. Even in the United States, where the extent of country still unsettled is so vast, it is easy to see already the germs of difficulties of this kind. How much greater will they be in an island about the size of Great Britain, which has already sold a third of the land it owns, while its population is not greater than that of many a provincial English town? That some kind of a homestead law may be necessary is probable enough; but that the Government is too lavish in its sales of land is quite evident. It could in all likelihood attract as many immigrants as it now has attracted by the sale of a third, or perhaps even a fourth, of the land it has alienated. But the real error of its policy is that it has sold the land for the purpose

of maintaining an expenditure and carrying out a policy that in themselves are open to grave objection. If the debt goes on growing as it has grown during the past ten years, by the time that the whole of the land is alienated the charge of the debt will be a very heavy item even for a country with such resources as New Zealand. And in addition there will be all the ordinary expenses of administration. The Government then will have to depend entirely upon taxation and upon the revenue of the railways, the telegraphs, the post-office, and such other services as it renders to the people. There will inevitably be a cry if these revenues remain large for reductions in the interests of the people at large, and this can be conceded only by adding to the burdens of the taxpayers. The unwise policy which the colony is pursuing is thus leading it into grave economic mistakes of various kinds. It is piling up a debt which is mortgaging the future of the country. And at the same time it is parting with that form of property which beyond all question must increase in value every year that passes, and for which the demand will become more and more intense as the population grows. Not only is it doing this, but at the same time it is preparing for itself social and political difficulties of the first order. For every reason, then, it is extremely desirable that the New Zealand Government should be much more moderate in its applications to the London loan market. And the great London capitalists, who four years ago exacted from it a promise to refrain for three years to come, would perform a service to the colony if they would again compel it to hold its hand for a still longer period.

REVIEWS.

THE BOOK-LOVER'S ENCHIRIDION.*

MR. IRELAND has collected a number of passages bearing more or less, sometimes rather less than more, on books and the love of books. These he has printed in a handy tiny volume, and again in a separate edition on large paper, with two or three illustrations. In this edition the type and paper are excellent, but the volume is a little bulky, needlessly bulky. Mr. Ireland has conscientiously reprinted far too much matter of no great merit by modern authors, and has thus made a book too fat for a modest Enchiridion. It is fair to say, however, that the common copies of the *Enchiridion* are much more handy than the large-paper edition, and both contain many passages about bibliophilism which will be new even to omnivorous readers.

Mr. Ireland is apparently a lover of literature rather than, in the strict sense, a bibliophile. We imagine that he has little of the collector's passion, which was neatly illustrated not long ago. The newspapers have been reporting that Marie Colombier's disgraceful *Sarah Barnum* is out of print and costs fifty francs. A *Sarah Barnum* thus became a desirable book, and the collector went forth to hunt for it. "Have you *Sarah Barnum*?" he asked the bookseller. "Yes, sir." "How much?" "Three shillings." "Oh, then I'll take something else," replied the disappointed collector; "I thought it cost fifty francs." Mr. Ireland, as we guess, is not of this insane temper; no one who has read so many modern divines is likely to be thus fanatical. Again, we infer from his volume that he has none of the bibliophile's love of correctness and accuracy. No one can read Mr. Austin Dobson's notes on Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, and their minutely conscientious references, without saying, "That man is a bibliophile." And no bibliophile can look at Mr. Ireland's rather happy-go-lucky quotations and mistake him for a person with the bibliographical instinct. For example, in his very first page Mr. Ireland quotes Socrates's advice, "Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings," and so forth, without a hint as to where the text is to be found. Is it in Xenophon, or Plato, or where? Mr. Ireland says that he has "in the case of almost every author gone to the original sources for his matter, selecting direct from the works of the writers quoted, so that the correctness of the text may be relied on."

Unluckily Mr. Ireland has not made this his invariable rule. He quotes Plato only once, and again gives no vestige of a hint as to the provenance of the passage, "Books are the immortal sons deifying their authors." We confess that we do not remember where Plato says this; and what every student will wish to do is to examine the context. No reference, except to the *Curiosities of Literature*, is given for the inscription on the Alexandrian Library. St. Matthew is represented by "A good man, out of the good treasure," and by "By thy words thou shalt be justified"—passages which have no peculiar application to books and the love of books. *Ménagiana* is quoted by volume merely, without indication of date, of edition, or page. No bibliophile quotes thus laxly, especially when he is writing a book about books. Quoting from a recent bibliographical work, Mr. Ireland prints (p. 450), "They" (bookhunters) "and their simple pleasures are the paths of a cheap and shrewish set of critics," and so on. Will Mr. Ireland think us cheap and shrewish critics for pointing out that this is nonsense? For "paths" "butts" occurs in the original. Again, who that undertakes to print a scholarly work on large paper but places accents on

* *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion: Thoughts on the Solace and Companionship of Books, &c.* By Alexander Ireland. London: Simpkin Marshall & Co.

his Greek? Mr. Ireland neglects even this simple obvious duty, and (p. 7) prints *adávavos*—*adavavos*. Once more, when Mr. Ireland quotes anecdotes of Petrarch, he does not go to the original, but to "the Introduction to Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature" (p. 11).

All this may seem very peddling, pettifoggish criticism. But part of the duty of bookmen is to set an example of accuracy and thoroughness to a hasty and casual world. This is part of the difference between literature and journalism. We actually hear people defending slovenly and ignorant mistranslations of the classical languages on the score that the mistakes are on trivial matters, and that it is "pedantic" to be correct. But why should people undertake to instruct the world at all if they cannot be accurate; and, if they are inaccurate in small things which we do understand, how can we trust them in larger matters beyond our province? Mr. Ireland's little laxities can do no one any harm; but he would have conferred a much greater benefit on bookish men if he had displayed more of the correctness which is the very first quality of the scholar. On this point he himself quotes Scaliger, giving, as usual, the reference to *Scaligerana* without a hint of the edition or page. "I wish," says Scaliger, as quoted by Mr. Ireland, "I wish I were a skilful grammarian. No one can understand any author without a thorough knowledge of grammar. Those who pretend to understand learned grammarians are arrant blockheads without any exception." What Scaliger says here about accuracy in grammar is equally true about minute carefulness in all matters concerning books. Mr. Ireland's *Enchiridion* has already shown that it possesses popular qualities. It is now in its third edition; in many ways it deserves to see many more editions. Will Mr. Ireland not make his next issue a work more than doubly valuable by invariably printing full and useful references, with date, place, and page, such references as are loved by men who love books? In yet another way he might improve his *Enchiridion*. He might omit many of his very minor and very modern prophets of bibliophilism. He might get rid of A. Bronson Alcott, and James Crossley, and Dr. Arnott, and Fanny Fern, and Hain Friswell, and the Rev. R. H. Baynes, and William Freeland, and Edwin Whipple. These and not a few other authorities he might excise, and quote instead some of the famous modern French book-lovers—men like Nodier, and Sainte-Beuve, and Jules Janin, who are preferable even to Frances Ridley Havergal. Very few French bibliophiles are quoted by Mr. Ireland, though he gives us Montaigne's delightful description of his library, and a truly appropriate passage from M. Victor Hugo. Now that a few men of books are demanding a "general overturn" of society, and are demanding it in the interests of art, it is well to remember that the Commune burned, among other things of greater value, all Motteley's uncut Elzevirs. M. Hugo, therefore, addresses one of the People who has distinguished himself by setting fire to the library. We do not think that the People has any particular hostility to books. But some of the wealthier classes like books just as some of them like hunting. Mr. Davitt, therefore, denounces hunting, and, for equally good reasons, the Commune burned books. M. Hugo exclaims, "Mais c'est un crime inouï!" and he goes on to preach at immense length about the crime, though the proletariat has probably sneaked away to the nearest wine-shop. The poet points out that books are "hostile to masters," which is an inference of his own—an inference which the representative of the People might have refuted had he studied books in place of burning them. What in the world does the People care for the great names the poet quotes—for Job and Molière, Homer and Kant, or for Beccaria rhyming so neatly to *paria*? So the bard hurries on, till the incendiary, who has come back from the wine-shop, closes his rotund mouth with "Je ne sais pas lire." Thus the proletariat has an excuse not possessed by Messrs. Hyndman and Morris and the owners of the advertising van which announces the New Revolution at the price of sixpence monthly.

Among the best things in Mr. Ireland's collection is Goethe's discourse on French fiction. Much of it might have been written with equal truth to-day, though the authors on whom Goethe commented have long been outdone in their own department:—

In the whirlpool of the literature of the day, I have been dragged into the bottomless abyss of horrors of the recent French romance-literature. I will say in one word—it is a literature of despair. In order to produce a momentary effect, the very contrary of all that should be held up to man for his safety or his comfort is brought before the reader, who at last knows not whether to fly or how to save himself. To push the hideous, the revolting, the cruel, the base, in short the whole brood of the vile and abandoned, to impossibility, is their Satanic task. One may, and must, say *task*; for there is at the bottom a profound study of old times, by-gone events and circumstances, remarkable and intricate plots, and incredible facts; so that it is impossible to call such a work either empty or bad. And this task even men of remarkable talents have undertaken; clever, eminent men, men of middle age, who feel themselves damned henceforward to occupy themselves with these abominations. . . . Everything true—everything æsthetic is gradually and necessarily excluded from this literature.—*Goethe's Correspondence with Zelter*.

Now we have no longer the redeeming "study of old times, by-gone events and circumstances." The nearest and nastiest alium, the freshest and foulest police report, furnish matter for the romance, not of despair, but of naturalism.

Mr. Ireland's old English writers are among the very best, most sensible, and least read of his authorities. If he had done nothing more than collect their remarks, his book would have possessed (as it does possess, despite its defects and superfluities) much interest

and value. Here, for example, is good advice from Joseph Hall to the literary man and the bookworm:—

Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast; I must yield to both; while my body and mind are joined together in unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts; and now, would forget that I ever studied; a full mind takes away the body's appetite no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind; company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome: these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal.

Wisely, too, does Joseph Hall urge the disadvantages of late study, or rather of study pursued up to the moment of retiring to rest. "That student shall live miserably which like a camel lies down under his burden." Here, again, from Fletcher's play *The Elder Brother*, is a fine description of your bookworm:—

If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for'st diet,
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,
Than there would be larks (though the sky should fall)
Devour'd in a month in Paris.

The Elder Brother, Act i. Scene 2.

Finally, from *Chevreana* (quoted, alas! as vaguely as ever) comes this humorous account of hard-reading and hard-smoking Boxhorne:—

A gentleman told me, who had studied under Boxhorne, at Leyden (successor to Heinsius, as professor of politics and history in 1653), that this learned professor was equally indefatigable in reading and smoking. To render these two favourite amusements compatible with each other, he pierced a hole through the broad brim of his hat, through which his pipe was conveyed, when he had lighted it. In this manner he read and smoked at the same time. When the bowl of the pipe was empty, he filled it, and repassed it through the same hole; and so kept both his hands at leisure for other employments. At other times he was never without a pipe in his mouth.—*Chevreana*.

Mr. Ireland's *Enchiridion* is already a pleasant treasury of booklore, yet not without moths and rust. Let him expel his moths, especially the American varieties; let him rub away the dust of indolent and inexact reference, and the *Enchiridion* will deserve even more popularity than it has already obtained.

SOME NOVELS.*

THAT one of Mr. Trollope's posthumous novels which bears the title of *The Land Leaguers* would evidently, if he had been able to finish it, have done no discredit to him among the productions of his third stage in novel-writing. His early Irish novels, while they showed the intimate familiarity which he had long ago gained with Irish life, showed also a decided state of novitiate in novel craft. In the time of his complete accomplishment as a master of that craft (which may be said to coincide with the Barsetshire series of tales), he meddled with Irish matters but little, though his references to them in *Phinians Finn* and other books showed the old mastery of the subject. An amateur of the useless "might have been" would be excusable if he speculated on what a novel with the subject of the Land League, but written in the days of *Barchester Towers* or *The Last Chronicle*, would have been like. It would have been something more than a remarkable book from the literary point of view; it would have been a not inconsiderable social and political force on the right side of the question. That unchanging problem has now got into the hands of a new generation, who, like all new generations, fancy that they are much wiser than their fathers. That Mr. Trollope, a Liberal of the Liberals, declares himself in this book dead against the Government policy up to the time of the Crimes Act, is not likely to have much effect on it. Nor in any case, perhaps, could a novelist hope to do much more than put one side of the case in a sufficiently striking light. This Mr. Trollope, if not with the success of his best days, at any rate with great force and with complete knowledge, has done here. The story is not finished, and it is, as was usual with its author, complicated with a certain amount of underplot, and with love matters which have little to do with the main issue. But the principal social aspects of the present Irish question are put here in attractive novel-form, and with the accuracy which nothing but a direct acquaintance with the facts of Irish life, or else a long and patient study of the literature of the subject, can possibly give. There are long digressions, one in particular with regard to the boycotting of the hunt in a western Irish county, which Mr. Trollope's love of the particular amusement has made him draw out at a length altogether disproportionate. An excursus on the Land Act itself, though as true as Gospel truth, is perhaps a little out of place. The Irish-American O'Mahony's experience in Parliament, and the Irish-American's daughter's experience on the stage, are hardly joined

* *The Land Leaguers*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

Gladys Fane. By T. Wemyss Reid. London: Fisher Unwin. 1883.

Jack's Cousin Kate. By E. C. Kenyon. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

Two Lives. By E. M. Carlen. Translated from the French by F. H. D. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

Queer People. Translated from the Swedish of Leah, by A. Alberg. London: W. H. Allen. 1883.

on to the main current of the story with that adroitness which Mr. Trollope would have shown if he had been quite himself. A very severe critic might object that the position of Mr. Jones of Morony Castle, new-comer in Ireland, and until recent days welcomed as a new-comer, with money in his pocket, owner of an improved and improving estate, in which he has invested not only much of his own money but considerable sums lent to him by his relations, is perhaps a little too strainedly typical. But, in the working out of the misfortunes of the hapless Jones, both truth and art are distinctly perceptible. The new American teaching and the new style of doctrine adopted by the younger and baser sort of the Roman Catholic clergy affect Mr. Jones's tenants by degrees, and his personal retainers and hangers-on by degrees, only more slowly. Worst of all, his younger son, a weak boy, is enticed to join the Roman communion, to which his father offers no very great objection, and, by insensible and gradual means, is brought to think that he must somehow wink at the misdeeds of his new co-religionists. At last a direct blow is struck at Mr. Jones by the flooding of certain carefully-drained fields and the ruin of their valuable crops. All the neighbourhood knows who has done it, and of course no one will tell. But it is strongly suspected that Florian Jones himself has some indirect knowledge of his father's enemies. On these facts the main story turns. The most interesting figure in it is an English magistrate of the type of Mr. Clifford Lloyd—Captain Clayton by name—whom the agitators fear only less than they hate him. The incidents of the story are, of course, exciting; they could hardly, considering the subject, be otherwise. The insistence of his sisters at last brings Florian to something like natural and generous feeling, and another witness is also procured. This witness is murdered in open court—an unnecessary advance on fact and probability considering the undoubted circumstances at the novelist's disposal—and Florian soon afterwards shares the same fate. It is given to the reader to understand that condign punishment, had the story been concluded, awaited the scoundrel who planned or executed these crimes, and that the various lovers were to have been made happy. But Mr. Trollope had no time to work this out. The *truncum corpus* of the book is, despite this drawback, far from unpleasant to read as a novel; while it is memorable as the protest—almost a death-bed protest—of an expert in the matter and a steadfast party politician against the mistaken and ruinous course which in his judgment his party were at the time, and, with insignificant and temporary modifications are still, pursuing in reference to this secular problem of Irish violence, Irish unreason, and Irish treachery.

The merits of Mr. Wemyss Reid's novel, which are very considerable, consist less in a striking novelty of incident or character than in the good writing and even execution of the work. The story opens in Belgravia in the height of the London season, and, an ill-tempered reader who neglects the precept against rash judgment may possibly be tempted to think, in the height of absurdity. For it certainly is not common for a gentleman—the Earl of Lostwithiel is represented as a gentleman in both senses—to *offer* his attachment to a lady by kissing his hand to her from the balcony of his house before the public; and it is less common for a person who indulges in such unconventional proceedings to be so careless or clumsy as to mistake the maid for the mistress. But Mr. Wemyss Reid knows what he is about; and this rather startling overture conducts the reader into the plot of a very sufficiently interesting opera. Gladys Fane, the supposed object of Lord Lostwithiel's rather calf-like attentions and the cause of his discomfiture (for she has commissioned her maid to array herself in borrowed garments), is the beautiful, high-spirited, and slightly hoydenish daughter of Mr. Fane, of Fanesford, a squire with a very long pedigree and a rent-roll not much shorter. The overture is preliminary merely; and Lord Lostwithiel, though he continues to hold the position of Gladys Fane's hopeless admirer, plays but a subordinate part in the story. The first act, as it may be called, deals with election matters. Reginald Mansfield, an advanced but chivalrous Radical, has taken up the adventure of bearding Toryism, as represented by Mr. Fane, in its den—that is to say, the family borough of Fanesford. Mansfield is defeated, chiefly owing to his own excessive chivalry—and if Mr. Wemyss Reid can find some means of diffusing this quality more widely among the Radical party, England will be grateful to him. Then he disappears for the moment, and Gladys comes to the front. Her father, an estimable but weak old person, falls into the toils of a prim and plotting spinster of rank and marries her, to the horror of his daughters. One, the younger, submits, though not too gracefully. Gladys, the elder, declares war to the knife, and is beaten. Circumstances, which it is undesirable to detail, inasmuch as they form an important turning-point in the story, make Gladys a kind of exile on the Continent. Here she meets Mansfield once more, and the plot proper is properly engaged. The only thing that can be said against Mr. Wemyss Reid in this part of his story, as in some others, is that his machinery is a little conventional. An unlucky and discreditable marriage in early life is no doubt a not wholly uncommon thing. But it rarely makes so much misery in real life as in novels, because honest men at least seldom attempt to keep it concealed, while dishonest ones know that for flitting purposes the atmosphere of romance and misfortune which it throws around them is rather advantageous than otherwise. In some other respects Mr. Wemyss Reid is also too conventional. The ideal newspaper correspondent—a person remarkably different from the real—appears in his pages, also the ideal country gentleman, also the ideal old cat of

aristocratic lineage, also some other rather musty types. His satire runs into the hackneyed, and is sometimes directed against private, or semi-private, societies, where good taste would prescribe abstention. From the frequency with which certain of these societies have appeared of late in novels and newspapers, some ill-natured people might assume that a good deal of blackballing must have been going on in them. Mr. Wemyss Reid, however, is a very mild offender in this respect. He has, moreover, the sufficient defence of having written a really interesting novel with plenty of incident, with good dialogue, and with attractive, if not very original, character-drawing. Monte Carlo has figured a good deal lately in fiction, but it is scarcely a worn-out topic, and Mr. Wemyss Reid uses it with ingenuity and describes it with vigour. Very cosmopolitan people will not be pleased with his sketch of the Prince Bessarion, a Continental gentleman of agreeable manners, who turns out to be a ferocious and unprincipled ruffian. Tender-hearted people will be angry with him for winding up not only without wedding bells, but with very distinct funeral ones. But, after all, it is not absolutely sufficient for a man not to be an Englishman to make him an angel, and there are, on the whole, more funerals than weddings in this world. To speak less discursively, *Gladys Fane* is a good and clever book, which few readers who begin it are likely to put down unfinished, and which shows considerable powers of telling a story. These powers could not have been anticipated from the author's previous literary work, which has been entirely of another kind, but that previous literary work may no doubt be credited with the fact that *Gladys Fane* is much better written than the run of novels, and that it is almost entirely free from the blunders as to things in general which the ordinary novel-writer strews about his pages in thoughtless or thoughtful profusion. Like most writers who have wide knowledge and interests, Mr. Wemyss Reid occasionally drops or hints opinions with which all his readers cannot be expected to agree; but he is not excessive in this, and even if he had done it to a somewhat greater extent, his story has quite enough "go" in it, his characters sufficient vitality and attraction to carry off the superfluity. The blemishes which have been noted above are but trifling, and though it cannot be said that there is any remarkable distinction about it of the kind which can be taken as announcing a new novelist of the highest class, Mr. Wemyss Reid has certainly by this book gained a place well to the front among the novelists of the class now living and writing amongst us. What we should like to see in his next book is some attempt at more definite and deeply marked character—at the drawing of an individual, and not merely of good specimens of certain conventional classes. In the other elements of novel-writing Mr. Wemyss Reid has, comparatively, less to learn.

Miss Kenyon's book shows signs of considerable immaturity in novel-writing and of no very extensive knowledge of the world. But there are also apparent in it two faculties which do not very commonly appear in the novels of beginners nowadays—the faculty of imagining character and the faculty of telling a story. The author has, however, not made the most of either. Her opening situation—that in which a handsome orphan girl accepts a situation as lady help, and attracting the attention of a rich uncle, has adoption into the family proposed almost at once by her mistress, who has begun by being insolently rude to her—is one of those situations which might occur in real life (where nothing is improbable), but which has not the probability necessary for art. Again, Miss Kenyon has committed an error which is almost always fatal by introducing the element of religious discussion and sentiment largely into her book. Still, the book certainly gives the reader the impression—not easy to analyse or account for exactly, but sufficiently definite—that the author may do very much better. Besides the great advantages above referred to—advantages which are not seriously impaired by a certain inability to manage dialogue—the local colour is fairly managed and not used too lavishly. But there is one curious thing here. Miss Kenyon represents one of her characters as admiring Mendelssohn and the poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris of Penbryn. Now that is a very odd conjunction of tastes.

There is nothing to which we have a more deeply-rooted objection than we have to the saying of anything that can by any possibility be unpleasant to anybody. But we are really unable to see that the volumes of translation from the Swedish or from novels of Swedish novelists, which close our list, have much justification for their existence. Mme. Emilie Carlen is, of course, one of the principal novelists of her country, but we did not know that she wrote in French, and if she did, we cannot see why French forms of proper names, French-English idioms, and such extraordinary rags of what may be supposed to have been once French itself, as "*je me faisais haïr*," should make their appearance in an English version of her work. That with all these drawbacks the story is still not unreadable shows that Mme. Carlen knows how to write stories, but not, we fear, that "F. E. D." knows how to translate them. Mr. Albert Alberg, in selecting certain short stories from a writer who deals much (as he confesses) in idiom and dialect, has attacked a still harder task and with even less success. There may be, for instance, some recondite joke in making an old woman say "they prefer to relegate their noses with snuff, and only laugh at my Jardin de Plantes" [*sic literatim*], but we confess to an entire absence of comprehension of it. We do not know what a "strandway" is, though the context would seem to show that it is Swedish-English for the American "sidewalk." "Besides, no one could expect they would keep away from the Midsummer festival only to feed an old crone who was

good for nothing, that it seemed as if Death himself refused to take her," is a sentence the syntax of which (and the connexion of the last clause with the earlier) a jury of prize pupil-teachers, with permission to decide by a majority, could hardly expound satisfactorily. In short, if "Lea" writes difficult Swedish—which is a point on which we do not here pronounce—Mr. Albert Alberg writes infinitely more difficult English. Any happy person whom "the story" alone concerns, and whose appreciation of unfamiliar manners and customs may happen to be made more intense by English which is still more unfamiliar, may be recommended to the book; but no others. It would seem, if there is not an easier explanation of the matter, that some translators think the method of the plasterer's wife in *Bleak House* as effectual with Englishmen as with foreigners. Only make the English bad enough, and it will somehow represent Swedish, French, German, or anything else required. Now we have plenty of home-grown novels written in bad English, and on this point the strictest freetrader may be a protectionist.

RECENT MATHEMATICAL PUBLICATIONS.*

TO pure mathematics, as the one science of absolute demonstration, belongs the note of unswerving, unchallenged, continuous progress—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Before it the voice of controversy is hushed, and *adversaria* find no place. In the mixed sciences, where truth is won by experiment and observation, there must needs be ebb and flow. Error has to be eliminated, approximations have to be made more exact, guesswork has to be verified; whereas, in the abstract science of number and figure there is no admission of error, no balance of less or more in the measure of truth. All that is tentative and empirical may come and go, but analytical proof runs on for ever. Of the solidity and permanence of mathematical work as giving to what is concrete or material in nature the abstract form or soul, we can hardly have a more emphatic illustration than is afforded by the republication of a series of papers by Professor Stokes, written for the most part upwards of thirty years ago, in which the highest methods of analysis are applied to problems then as now the most intricate and of the most absorbing interest in the field of physical research. What more immediately strikes us on taking up these scattered and miscellaneous fragments of bygone travail is their undiminished freshness after a whole generation of life and work. Doubtless the physical sciences have advanced in the interim by leaps and bounds; but the power and beauty of the demonstrations introduced, the clearness and certainty of the mathematical processes applied to the solution of physical problems, are seen to be fully abreast of any advance that has been made in the several departments of science specially brought under treatment. In every one of these lucid and closely reasoned articles we have a permanent gain to knowledge, a veritable *κρίμα εις αἰά*. We see in them the work of an intellect of the first order, under the highest power that the scientific culture of the day can supply. It is well nigh startling to see laid down in them the lines of development which subsequent research and thought were destined to follow. Without the faintest suggestion of *malis fides*, we can hardly fail to remark how much of what passes for independent and original work, both at home and abroad, is to be recognized in essays buried for years in the pages of *The Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*, *The Mathematical Journal*, or other serials of select but limited circulation. In the latest development of many a theorem, or the most advanced stage of many a complex physical problem, we may discern the germ in hints thrown out by the then youthful Cambridge mathematician. Reluctant as the author in his modesty has shown himself to recall from oblivion these records of bygone labour, the advice of friends, backed by the judicious liberality of the University Press, has happily secured that boon for the public. The second of the two volumes, making up the series, has lately come to hand, the preceding one having seen the light three years ago.

As some test not only of the prophetic insight we have spoken of, but of the power of suggestiveness, for which credit has never been given in the right quarter, we would refer our readers to the able summary of the progress in hydrodynamics during the intermediate period presented by Mr. W. W. Hicks to the same scientific body at their meeting in 1881. The main stages in advance are marked by the publication of Helmholtz's paper on Vortex Motion in 1856, and by that of Thomson and Tait's *Natural Philosophy*, which introduced a new general method into the treatment of hydrodynamical problems by the application of the Lagrangian equations of motion, a further notable advance being made in the new and greatly expanded edition of the same important work issued in 1879. Of many subordinate contributions to

the general theory of fluid motion spread over the intervening year, a prominent place has been occupied by a paper put forth by Clebsch in 1856 on the motion of an ellipsoid in fluid, considering separately pure translation and rotation, and noticing that the fluid moves in stream-lines (*in Fäden*), with the result of an apparent increase of mass, differing in different directions, as well as a diminution of gravity, from whence the writer deduces the law that the form of the curves in which the particles of the fluid appear to move relatively to the centre of gravity of the body depends only upon the form of the body and the curve in which its centre of gravity moves. Now it is curious to see how much of these results is to be found by anticipation in a paper reprinted in the first of the volumes before us, written in 1843, "On some Cases of Fluid Motion"; in which paper there is also given by Professor Stokes the first conception of what is known as the method of images, a most effective mode of attacking particular problems in fluid motion, to which the author returns in a subsequent note, suggested by Sir W. Thomson's discovery of the electrical image of a point of electricity in presence of a conducting sphere, previous to which Stokes's theory had attracted no attention. Another masterly paper of the same early period, which revolutionized what was known of the subject, was that on Internal Friction of Solids in Motion, and on the Equilibrium and Motion of Elastic Solids. To this is due, perhaps, the most important of all later additions to the theory of motion in fluids, involving the whole problem of vortex motion, or that in which the velocities cannot be expressed in terms of a potential. The vocabulary of science has been enlarged in the interval; a nominally new branch having been opened up in the study of kinematics, so named by Ampère, such terms as kinetic energy or vector potential being looked for in vain in writings of that early date. Still, for the kinematical properties of the motion, or that relating to the rotation of minute molecular particles, the fundamental ideas are to be sought in Stokes's article. The discussion has since been carried on in Helmholtz's admirable paper in *Crelle's Journal* (1861) on the laws of vortex motion, in which he finds solutions for the four differential equations for the velocities when the rotations at every point of the fluid are known, adding thereto examples of the motion of the fluid due to infinite straight vortices and to circular vortex filaments.

Nor had the properties of discontinuous motion or jets, hardly noticed by mathematicians until pointed out by Helmholtz in 1868, been overlooked by Stokes when writing upon the *Critical Values of the Sums of Periodic Series* (1847), his suggestions being taken up as the foundation of the later treatment of the subject by Kirchhoff, Riemann, Maxwell, and Lord Rayleigh. The equations, which had hitherto been confined to perfect fluids, were further extended to include the conditions of viscosity, the form to which he reduced the differential equations being that now generally adopted. On *Oscillatory Waves* (1847) we have a brilliant application of analysis to the observations of Mr. Scott Russell and Professor Airy, the discussion passing into the theory of sound, being followed up by a later paper on certain *Difficulties* attaching to it, started by Professor Challis (vol. ii. pp. 82-89), since treated by Earnshaw, Riemann, and Rankine. Not less valuable or suggestive are his numerous papers upon the theory of light. Besides being distinguished in these special departments as an experimentalist, no less than as a mathematician, he is ready with many a practical suggestion to the mechanician and the engineer, discussing a differential equation relating to the breaking of railway bridges, and noting the omission by Mr. Cox of the *vis viva* arising from the horizontal motion of the train or other body in motion. Another point in which he is found anticipating what probably passes with most people for a modern application of science is the following up the suggestion of Airy in the description of a lens to correct the astigmatism of a defective eye.

From transcendental operations in the upper regions of analysis to the elements of linear geometry will be thought perhaps as abrupt a drop as may well be. Having, however, a batch of educational works inviting notice, we would fain append a few words in recommendation of a little treatise on *Conic Sections* by Mr. H. G. Willis. So much preference being naturally given to the analytical method as an instrument for unfolding mathematical truth, there is all the more need for exercising the learner in that geometrical training which is the truest discipline of the mind. Since the great days of the *Principia* no one, alas! has been found to bend the bow of Ulysses. In this useful manual the conic is first discussed in general; (a) with reference to focus and direction; (b) as the projection of a circle or a section of a cone; (c) as the reciprocal of a circle; every common or closely analogous property of the three conics is next proved by a single proposition; the relation between the conics, their similarities and dissimilarities, being brought prominently forward. At the end of each chapter numerous examples, carefully graduated, are appended.

With all his defects of matter and style, Euclid still holds rule in our schools after more than two thousand years. Much as we may desiderate a text-book of elementary geometry simpler in arrangement, more precise in definition, plainer in wording, and otherwise more fitted to the intelligence of beginners, such a model work has yet to be written. The most satisfactory attempts in that direction seem to lie in the direction of giving greater clearness to the text, whilst adhering to the plan of the grand old elementator, semi-mythical as he is in his history and his surroundings. A praiseworthy effort of this sort is made in *The First Book of Euclid, made Easy for Beginners*, suggested to

* *Mathematical and Physical Papers*. By George Gabriel Stokes, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., Fellow of Pembroke College, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge. Reprinted from the Original Journals and Transactions, with Additional Notes by the Author. Cambridge: at the University Press. Vol. I. 1830. Vol. II. 1883.

An Elementary Treatise on Conic Sections. Part I. By H. G. Willis, M.A., Assistant Master of Manchester Grammar School. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. London: Bell & Co. 1883.

The First Book of Euclid made Easy for Beginners. By William Howard. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

The Elements of Plane Geometry. Part I. Corresponding to Euclid Books I-II. Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1884.

Mr. Howard by the discovery that his son, having been supposed to have learnt the first two books at one of our great public schools, did not really understand the first proposition. His secret lies, besides consummate clearness of statement, in discarding the use of letters, and building up each theorem or problem by the adoption of the recently suggested use of lines of different colours, addressing the mind through the eye with great directness, and affording a novel sense of pleasure to what has generally been found the driest of studies. We are not surprised to be told that his son not only easily mastered the propositions thus put before him, but had little subsequent difficulty with his Euclid.

In *The Elements of Plane Geometry*, prepared by the Committee for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching, we have a sequel, compiled as a more complete series of proofs, to the propositions put forth as a Syllabus of Plane Geometry some eight years ago. Notwithstanding the sale of an edition of three thousand copies, and the increasing demand for the work by teachers and students, reported by the compilers, we doubt whether it is destined widely to supersede the time-honoured manual. Whether the opening definition that "a point has position but it has no magnitude" is an improvement upon Simson's long-used expansion of the pithy original of the old master, *σημείον ἔστιν οὐ μέρος οὐδὲν*, may be questioned; nor is a straight line likely to be made clearer to the boyish understanding as being "such that any part will, however placed, lie wholly on any other part if its extremities are made to fall on that other part." The second book, on the equality of areas, with exercises attached, seems to us the best drawn up and fullest of suggestions for the teacher.

SHIPBUILDING.*

IN a previous notice (*Saturday Review*, November 24th, 1883) of the last volume of the Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects we referred to some papers of great merit which want of space prevented us from then considering. We propose now to speak of two of these, which, albeit some time has passed since they were read at the Institution, are very well worth attention, as they deal with subjects of great importance, not much elucidated since they were written, and are practically as new and as pertinent as if they had been published yesterday. The first of these, to which very appropriately the place of honour in the volume is given, is by Captain G. H. Noel, R.N., and treats of "Certain Points of Importance in the Construction of Ships of War." Sailors, when they do take up the pen, often write extremely well. Trained from their youth to practical work, they take a thoroughly practical view of any subject that presents itself to them, and are not the least given to verbiage, to elaborate but unsupported hypotheses, or to hazy mathematical speculations leading to no definite result. It is not, then, surprising to find that Captain Noel's suggestions are very valuable ones, that they are briefly and clearly stated, and that his terse and lucid remarks present a pleasant contrast to the misty talk to be found in other parts of the Transactions. The subjects he deals with are:—The strength and height of the bow necessary for ramming; watertight compartments; armoured conning towers; and torpedo defence. With respect to the first of these he says much that is of weight. What a great naval engagement would be like in our time is a matter of conjecture and doubt to those who have followed most closely the developments of modern artillery and naval architecture and have thought most carefully on naval warfare, and nothing approaching certainty can be attained; but undoubtedly not a few of those who are competent to consider the question are inclined to think that a great sea-fight might be principally decided by ramming. The success of Admiral Tegethoff at Lissa, the sinking of the *Vanguard*, and the manner in which the *Kaiser Wilhelm* sent her consort to the bottom, tend to support this view; and, as a successful thrust does not merely cripple the adversary, but absolutely destroys him, ramming is very likely to be attempted by bold men; but then if it is more overwhelming than the other kinds of attack, it is also more dangerous. After one vessel has sunk another, it may be found that she is herself in no very enviable position, and the question which suggests itself is—What chance is there of the vessel which succeeds in ramming receiving vital injuries, or sinking with her victim? The not inconsiderable risks which the winning ship runs are briefly summed up by Captain Noel, who says that when design and construction have been imperfect there is danger of the ram-bow being forced in, of the bow being twisted or broken, or of the vessel capsizing owing either to want of height in her bow and freeboard causing her to lurch and capsize or sink head first, or to the breaking away of the bow upper works, the consequent interlocking of the vessels, and the sinking of both. These are very real dangers, and against the two first of them great precautions are already taken. The ram-bow is supported by breasthooks, by armoured decks, and by other means. Nevertheless, some may doubt with Captain Noel whether in large ships of the central citadel type sufficient strength is given, as the bow is not supported by side armour. This weakness also tends, with vessels of the build named, to increase the second danger mentioned, that from oblique or twisting strains, which are certainly not unlikely to occur in ramming. It must be remembered that, though superior skill may enable a captain to give a blow instead of receiving one, it can

hardly be expected that any man will be so preternaturally skilful as always to strike at right angles. If the blow is oblique, there may be, before the successful ship can be got clear of the other, a tremendous strain put on the bow. Is this sufficiently guarded against? Captain Noel thinks not; and recommends that a more secure root for the ram be constructed by "building its point on to a cigar-end-shaped structure, worked smoothly into the bow, and giving the sharpness requisite for the speed of the ship by its horizontal as well as its vertical entrance"; and no doubt this would considerably increase strength. With regard to height of bow Captain Noel says that, although some of the coast-service ironclads have fairly high bows, "no vessel of this type can give her captain the confidence he would possess were he commanding a ship with a high, well-constructed bow, which would ensure the enemy he had rammed being thrown off clear," and remove all risk of entanglement or of a heavy lurch; and he also considers that, with vessels constructed of very light steel, the danger may imperceptibly creep in of making the upper works too light, and that such weakness may, in case of ramming, lead to disaster.

That there is much truth in what he says about the necessity for huge strength in the bow can hardly be denied, and from the tone of the discussion which followed the reading of his paper it is clear that his hearers were much impressed by his remarks. His arguments, however, seem at first to be met by the reply which is so often given to those who ask for more strength in some part of a ship, or for heavier guns. A naval architect has but a limited amount of buoyancy at his disposal, and if he increases strength and weight in one part, he must necessarily in some other part lessen weight and lessen strength. If the bow is to be made stronger there must be less armour, or thinner armour, or lighter guns. This, of course, is as certain as that two and two make four—if, indeed, the higher mathematicians will allow that to be a certainty—but, indubitable as the fact is, Captain Noel's contention is not really disposed of by it. A ram may turn out to be the most important part, or, to speak more accurately, the most important weapon of a ship, more important even than her guns, and in that case everything must be sacrificed to it; armour must be diminished and guns made fewer and lighter, in order that the ram-bow may be perfect. If, however, it is not thought worth while to sacrifice much in order to make the thrusting weapon perfect, it may be questioned whether it would not be better to abandon it altogether. A ram which is not thoroughly efficient may be worse than useless. If a gun were invented which would possibly destroy an adversary, but would also very possibly annihilate the vessel on board which it was fired, it would probably not be fired on board a ship. If ramming is to result in the loss of the victorious vessel, it may be thought that rams should be dispensed with and the speed of ships increased.

Of the other questions considered by Captain Noel, that which he treats best is the one relating to constructing conning towers, as his remarks about watertight compartments and torpedoes, though very sensible, have no special novelty. With regard to conning towers, he contends that they should be of enormous strength and should have wings—i.e. thick walls of iron—projecting from each of the corners of the tower, which will afford partial protection to the captain when he desires to take a freer and wider survey than can be obtained from the inside of his fastness. Here, again, the old difficulty about weight comes in, and with conning towers there is the further difficulty that to increase their weight is to increase weight very high up. Still Captain Noel appears to be in the main right. He called the captain in his paper, the head, and, in the discussion which followed, the brains, of the ship; but the latter simile is not perfect, as no ship can get on without a commanding officer, whereas a great many people seem to get on perfectly well without brains. Setting aside figures of speech, it may be said that, with ironclads at all events, there may be for the time paralysis of the vessel if the captain is killed or disabled; and though of course he can be replaced, a brief interval of paralysis may be fatal. Every means should, therefore, be taken to obtain proper protection for captains in armoured ships. On his main points, then, Captain Noel undoubtedly makes a good case. What he says about compartments and torpedoes does not, as just indicated, call for any special comment; but we cannot conclude this notice of his valuable paper without referring to a remarkable incident in the discussion which followed it. Mr. J. D'A. Samuda stated that Admiral Tegethoff once described to him the ramming of the *Ré d'Italia*, and said, "If I were to live a thousand years, I would never ram another ship, the impression produced upon me was so awful." The Admiral went on to say that his orders to his captains were to turn their ships and ram at a certain signal, but that his was the only vessel that did it. From this Mr. Samuda drew the inference that the ram was not likely to be much used in naval warfare; but this view does not appear to have been at all accepted by the naval officers in the room.

The other paper to which we referred at the beginning of this article is by Mr. James Dunn, and relates to watertight compartments in merchant ships. On this subject Mr. Dunn is peculiarly well qualified to speak. Some time ago, when the question of arming merchant vessels was under consideration, he was, we believe, deputed by the Admiralty to examine the steamers offered as potential men of war, and to decide, or at all events to give reasons for deciding, whether they should be placed on the Admiralty list. To be admitted into the list it was and is of course absolutely necessary that a vessel should be really divided into watertight compartments, as without them a single shot may sink her. Most melancholy were the results when, in 1875, inquiry

* Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects. Vol. XXIV. London: Sotheran & Co.

was made. The Admiralty laid down the rule that "No ship should be considered suitable for the purposes of the State without her bulkheads being so arranged that, if any one of her compartments were laid open to the sea in smooth water, the loss of buoyancy thereby occasioned should not endanger the safety of the ship"; and, marvellous as it may seem, it was found that there were not, in the whole mercantile marine, thirty ocean-going ships fit for admission under this very moderate condition. So much for the talk which had been for years before 1875 of the safety gained by watertight compartments. Since then, however, there has been a great improvement, and, at the time when Mr. Dunn's paper was written, there were 300 ships complying with the requirement, and some were being built which could dispense with buoyancy in any two compartments and still retain floating power. This is gratifying, but a painful fact has to be mentioned as well. There are, or were, "more than 4,000 ships of 100 tons and upwards which would sink if any compartment between the collision and stuffing-box bulkheads were laid open to the sea in smooth water," owing, not to the possible giving way of the bulkheads, but to the fact that they are so constructed that if water gets into one compartment it must of necessity flow gradually into the others. As was explained long ago in the columns of this journal, bulkheads are, generally speaking, only taken up to a little above the water-line. If a compartment fills the vessel of course sinks somewhat, and the tops of the bulkheads become lower than the level of the outside water, and the consequence of course is that, if one compartment is pierced, all the others fill by degrees. Bulkheads of this kind are not only useless, but, as Mr. Dunn points out, absolutely dangerous, as by keeping the water for a time in the fore part of the ship they may cause her bows to be carried under, whereas, if water flows along the whole length of the vessel, her trim will at all events be preserved. The only proper way of constructing bulkheads is to carry them to the upper deck; and when this is done, and when there is a divisional bulkhead in the fore and after hold, two compartments may fill without the vessel sinking. To prove this in the most practical way, the Admiralty has had models constructed and placed in a tank, and diagrams of these in various conditions are appended to Mr. Dunn's paper. In thus showing what can be achieved without any great expenditure, the Admiralty have certainly done most excellent work; they have also done excellent work in ascertaining what steamers are rightly constructed. It is to be hoped that the result of their labours will be made known widely, as every possible means ought to be employed to inform the public which of the great passenger steamers are really safe. At present this scarcely seems to be done, and we trust that Mr. Dunn's excellent paper may be read outside professional circles, as it may stimulate a demand for information which ought to be given as freely as may be possible.

HANDBOOK FOR THE PANJAB.*

THE late Mr. Eastwick was more distinguished in literature than in politics. As M.P. for Falmouth he was certainly listened to by the House on Indian subjects, and he never became one of those bores whose persistence raises a feeling of amazement at the reputation which they certainly gained in India and as certainly forfeited in England. But Mr. Eastwick did not acquire the character of an Indian authority, and he was much better employed when editing the *Gulistan* and collecting materials for his various Handbooks, than in speaking on the Indian Budget and propounding unnecessary questions to the Secretary of State. In truth he was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and was well versed in Oriental history and languages. His Handbooks for Madras and Bengal are full of information, generally correct in details, and digested and arranged on sound principles. He says truly, in his Preface to his latest work, that whether for beauty of scenery, splendour of architecture, historical association, or political importance, the Panjab and North-Western India may fairly claim precedence over any other Presidency. We may omit the Himalayas from such comparison, for our mountain barrier is not really the property of any one particular Province. In variety of aspect, combination of wood and water, sparkling rivers, grassy slopes and ranges of hills, the Central Provinces surpass anything that the Panjab or Scinde can show. Madras has specimens of Hindu architecture of magnificent extent and unequalled proportions. Nor would any one with an eye for colour compare any one of the finest districts of the Doab of Hindostan at their best, with the plains of Central and Eastern Bengal at their worst. And the Ghauts of the Bombay Presidency, with their rapid descent into the Konkan, present features almost unique. But the Panjab has always claimed a large share of public attention; and, though one of our later acquisitions, has never from the very beginning of this century been left out of account in estimating the progress, position, and risks of our dependency. It needs no long argument to show why this is so. A good deal may have happened, as Mr. Gladstone might say, between Alexander's victory over Porus and the battle of Chillianwala. But the Panjab has always been the gate of India. Traces of Grecian art and ancient coins in abundance attest the influence of Græco-Bactrian

dynasties. The influence of Buddhism from the south, or of Scythians from the north, the changes in royal families between the Macedonian invasion and the final ascendancy of Mohammedan conquerors in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, are to this day stock subjects of dispute with antiquaries. Several of the early Mogul Emperors attempted to rule India from Cabul and Lahore, and never fully succeeded in this attempt. Jehangir's tomb is one of the sights of the latter city, and may partly justify the remark of Mr. Eastwick that this "mausoleum is one of the finest in the world, and, after the Taj and Kutb Minar, is the noblest building in India." But it is curious that in this comparison the author should have omitted the tomb of Akbar at Secundra, near Agra. Those who have seen the mausoleums of that great Emperor and of his son have no hesitation in declaring the tomb of Jehangir to be the inferior of the two. Then when the Mussulman Empire passed from the hands of decrepit and effete successors of Aurengzebe to vigorous Nawabs and Subahdars, or was cut and carved by the Marhattas, or was signed away to the representative of the foreign adventurer and merchant, the Sikhs from a reforming sect became a first-class military power. And so for forty years, what with Rangit Singh, his vigour, and sagacity, with the anarchy which ensued after his death, with the marvellous tact shown by our political officers on the frontier in keeping our road open to Afghanistan after our first disaster there, and again with Sikh campaigns ending in the annexation of the kingdom, the Panjab continued to hold a foremost place in the estimation of all Indian statesmen. Then came a period into which, by a combination of rare ability and good luck, was crammed as much of administrative success as is ever given for one generation to witness and for its successors to admire. There were no impediments in telegraphs, in platform meetings, in the platitudes of Liberal Associations, and in light-hearted questioners in Parliament, ready, at ten minutes' notice, to adapt the British Constitution to the rival sects and races which we can only just manage to discipline into the appearance of a peaceful community. But there were the Lawrences, with a picked band of some of the best civil and military officers that could be got together, not by competition but by the pure process of selection; and at the head of all was Lord Dalhousie himself. And so a fine chapter was added to the annals of the East India Company; and, if there were some errors of haste or misapprehension, there was an amount of real permanent progress in everything that can make a community prosperous and a Government an object of reverence and awe.

It was not, however, Mr. Eastwick's purpose to distil an essence from Blue-books or to rival Sir Richard Temple in describing in gorgeous hues the change of a province from anarchy to order. His plan seems to have been as follows. First we have a slight sketch of the ancient and modern history of the Panjab. Then a brief catalogue of the objects of interest in the Panjab proper, as well as in those districts made over to its Government after the Mutiny. Then comes a notice of its tribes and a vocabulary in Panjabi and Sindhi. The remainder of the book is divided into forty-three routes, which can be varied by every traveller according to his means, fancy, or leisure. Hints as to diet and dress have been judiciously compressed. With exception to a few canons, on which most men are agreed whether their experience has been acquired on the Megna, on the Indus, or on the Kaveri, there is nothing about which Anglo-Indians differ so much as the details of outfit or the nature of personal comforts. And nothing is more irritating to a tourist who has laid in a plentiful stock of what he is assured are indispensables, than to be told on landing at Bombay or Calcutta by his candid host that about one-half are absolutely noxious or useless, while the other could have been procured as good or even better in Bandi Bazaar or Dalhousie Square. In his account of the Commissioners and Lieutenant-Governors of the Province, there are divers not unimportant omissions. There is no mention at all of the Board at Lahore established in 1849, of which Sir H. Lawrence was President, and John Lawrence and Mr. C. G. Mansel the members. Then the distinctions between the judicial and the financial Commissioner and the several Commissioners of divisions are not well observed, and to an ordinary traveller would be as perplexing as were to Hadji Baba the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the East India Company, who came in a hackney-coach and were announced as sitters on chairs and sitters on stools. And we find no allusion to the establishment of the Chief Court at Lahore, which is to the Province pretty much what the High Courts are elsewhere. At p. 187 it is stated that the celebrated Koh-i-nur diamond was brought to England by Colonel Mackeson and Captain Ramsay, and delivered to the Court of Directors, whence it passed to Her Majesty the Queen. There was no division of responsibility about so priceless a jewel. Lord Dalhousie entrusted the gem to the sole care of his kinsman, who went home in a Queen's ship, and, we believe, never parted with his treasure for a moment either by day or night. A more serious blunder occurs in the account of the battle of Chillianwala, in which a well-known panic of cavalry is set down to the account of the 3rd Dragoons. For this regiment read the 14th. The 3rd or *Mudki Wallahs*, was not present at Chillianwala at all. Mr. Eastwick draws attention to a ridiculous entry in the register of the church at Peshawar regarding the death of the Rev. Isidore Löwenthal of the American Presbyterian Mission, who was murdered in 1864 by one of his own servants. It is another instance of the sheer inability of some well-meaning persons to discern what is incongruous and absurd on the most solemn occasions. The entry, according to Mr. Eastwick, is as follows:—"1864. Murdered April 27th. Shot

* *Handbook of the Panjab, Western Rajputana, Kashmir, and Upper Sindh.* With a Map. By Edward B. Eastwick, C.B. London: John Murray. 1883.

by his own Chaukidar (Watchman). 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' No wonder that the native stone-cutter who carved the inscription and had some sense of humour, added in Persian the words "Don't laugh." At p. 333 wood is put where wool is meant, but the error will hardly puzzle any traveller. And, generally, the accuracy in names, dates, and spelling is very considerable.

The interest of this Handbook is enhanced by the inclusion of certain notable places in Rajputana. Owing to the spread of railways this remarkable tract is now easy of access. The Handbook draws attention to the masterpieces of Jain architecture to be found at Mount Aboo, to the plateau which is more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea and which forms a delightful sanatorium in the hot season, to the lake 2,000 feet long by nearly as many broad on the plateau itself, regarding which there is, of course, a legend that it was scooped out by the nails of an ascetic, and to a curious episode of a huge lion seen basking on one terrace or walk while a party of servants were taking English children for their airing on another just below. We find also one of those "anomalies" of which we have heard a great deal lately. There is abundance of game on Mount Aboo and naturally plenty of sportsmen. But these persons, by the express orders of our Government, refrain from shooting peafowl and blue pigeons, because these birds happen to be sacred in the eyes of Hindus. Mr. Eastwick might have added that this prohibition was deemed of sufficient importance to be included in a formal treaty made with the Rao of Serohi, from whom we hold the land; and that other stringent clauses were inserted. Soldiers are not to fish in the lake near the residence of the priests, or to take mangoes, nectarines, and honey from the native gardens. No trees are to be cut without the permission of the Political Superintendent; and no cattle are to be slaughtered on the hill, nor is beef to be brought up from the plains below. And the Rao has practically refused to modify or abolish this "invidious and degrading" distinction of race and creed, though beef is considered a necessary in English cantonments, and, what is more strange, the British Government has never insisted, as it might do with a tributary State, on the abolition of this dreadful clause. Ajmir is remarkable for a monument to the late Colonel Dixon, of the Bengal Artillery, who was Superintendent there for many years. The efforts of this officer in reducing the Mairs to order, in clearing a jungly country of bands of robbers, in forming an irregular corps out of those very banditti, and in persuading the inhabitants to do away with witch-finding, female infanticide, and slavery, were repeatedly acknowledged by such men as the late Colonel Sutherland, the late Mr. James Thomason, Lord Hardinge, and Lord Dalhousie. *Felix opportunitate mortis* might almost be applied to him, as he died in June 1857, though he had, with others, to leave Ajmir when the Bengal Sepoys broke into mutiny at Nusseerabad, the military cantonment, and the Bombay cavalry, till then believed to be staunch, refused to charge their comrades. We have before us an excellent History of Mairwarra, published in 1850 and now out of print, in which the administration of Colonel Dixon, and his predecessors Mr. Wilder of the Civil Service, Colonel Tod the Governor-General's agent, and Colonel Hall, C.B., are recorded in no boastful or vainglorious spirit. We must warn tourists or students who adhere to the old-fashioned spelling to look for an account of the most ancient of the Rajput Princes under Udaipur. Mr. Eastwick, after duly chronicling the difficulties of transit by bullock-cart when the railway is left, and the Dawk bungalows very badly provided with furniture and cooking utensils, remarks that the Maharana (not Maharaja) is said to be lineally descended from the hero of the Ramayana, whose date is some time before the Trojan War. He should have added that the present family can trace its descent, without solar myths or vague traditions to help it, as far back as the second century of our era, and that by universal admission the Maharana is allowed to be the first of Rajput chiefs, neither Jaipur nor Jodhpore making any counter-claim. But Udaipur or Oodeypore has been often at issue with his own feudatory chiefs, and the British agent has repeatedly had to interfere and settle disputes about the sums which these chiefs are bound to pay to their superior for marriages or administration, or the number of horse and foot which they must equip for his service. These elements of "feudality," somehow, die very hard, and are often found where advanced thinkers would least expect. But if Oodeypore is the oldest, Jaipur is the best administered of the Rajput States. The late Maharaja was a worthy descendant of the celebrated Jai Sing II., nicknamed *Sewai*, or "a man and a quarter"—as we should put it, a man and a half. The Chouk, or central street, is remarkable for its width, cleanliness, and regularity. The rest of the city is laid out in streets and cross-streets at right angles. In the Maharaja's palace the hall of audience is built of pure white marble. There is a menagerie and a public garden seventy acres in extent, which it cost 40,000*l.* to lay out, and requires 3,000*l.* a year to keep up. The late Maharaja set up at his own expense a fine statue of Lord Mayo, with a suitable inscription. And there are many other sights; the Jaipur College, the cenotaphs of deceased Maharajas burnt long ago, including that of Sewai Jai Sing where a lamp is always burning like Vesta's fire, the observatory, and the old capital of Amber, within easy reach of the modern town. Mr. Eastwick might have omitted a footnote, in which he sneers at Mountstuart Elphinstone as "a so-called historian," because he has omitted the precise date of one of Nadir Shah's battles. Now a very fair account of the very combat referred to, which took place at

Karnal between Nadir and Mohamed Shah, is given at p. 626 of Elphinstone's second volume; and in the synopsis it is expressly stated that the battle was fought in February 1739. And when Mr. Eastwick talks of "meagre" accounts, we might retort that his own account of the Botanical Gardens at Saharunpore is not, for a guide-book, very full, and that he does not allude to the famous Government stud at that station, lately abolished on account of an expense which was incommensurate with the object of horsing our cavalry. The vocabulary of the Panjabi and Sindhi dialects will have an interest for civilians and military men. A large proportion of the words will easily be recognized by any fair Urdu or Persian scholars. But there are divers local terms and some curious contributions and varieties of pronunciation. We close the book with regret that we shall have no more Handbooks from an author in whom were united scholarship, industry, and correct appreciation of the many wonderful sights and scenes of our Indian empire.

RECENT MEDICAL BOOKS.*

TO the important question as to how we can best promote the health of the community, and thus in some measure lessen the doctor's occupation, various ostensible answers are given in the shape of medical literature. They do not all hit the mark, or show equal *bona fides*. There is the alarmist school, not altogether unrepresented in the medical journals, which dilates, in terms more dogmatic than science warrants, on the multifarious causes of disease, and renders life not worth living to many nervous people who take for granted everything that they see in print. Then we have the "Family Physician" and "Domestic Medicine" category of books, which, as a rule, benefit, if anybody, the writers or the publishers, and in the long run may help rather to fill than to empty the pockets of the doctors, from the ignorant meddling which they encourage. Far different from these is another class of books which seek to put before the public the principles of health rather than the causes of disease, and, by emphatically teaching what is natural and normal, endeavour to instil into our minds the belief that to live according to the dictates of science is the best way to attain to that prevention which is confessedly better than cure. Even a little physiological knowledge, if sound, is not dangerous, but useful, and the more such knowledge is diffused in the community the more may we expect both physical and mental health to abound. In a great measure *The Book of Health*, now before us, is deserving of a welcome as tending in the right direction. It is meant, as stated in the preface, to teach how disease can be prevented, and, though it has several drawbacks from its usefulness, it contains among the contributions of its various authors very much that is valuable, and some of its matter is of really great merit. The introductory article by Mr. Savory is a clear and practical *résumé* of important physiological knowledge, and strikes the right note in discrediting the preaching of the ultra-sanitarians. The author's remarks on alcohol and tobacco, for instance, will meet with the approval of the scientific doctor and the broad-minded philanthropist alike, and are in striking contrast with the claptrap medical writing, so common in our day, which condemns a practice *in toto* because it may perhaps do infinitesimal harm or conceivably shorten a long life by an insignificant period. We have had enough of the alarmists who tell us that we must disinfect books from circulating libraries and give up using hansom cabs because some horses may possibly have the glanders.

A very sensibly-written and interesting article by Sir Risdon Bennett, the late President of the College of Physicians, gives accurate and useful instruction regarding "Food and its Uses in Health." Being based on the work of well-accredited authorities, it contains no debatable matter, and is to be thoroughly relied on. Dr. Lauder Brunton's treatment of "Stimulants and Narcotics" is quite accordant with the line taken in the introduction, and is at once elaborate and broadly philosophical in tone. One remark in this paper concerning smoking will appeal to most reflective indulgers in tobacco—namely, that one great inducement to smoke, perhaps we may add often the greatest, is the immediate effect the act produces as a local stimulant to the nerves of the mouth, nose, or lungs; and Dr. Brunton instances the practice of a distinguished physiologist and physician who, when trying to solve a difficult point, is accustomed to light a cigarette and smoke for a minute or two until the difficulty is solved. The effect produced here, of whatever value it may be, is unlikely to be due to the absorption of the constituents of the smoke. We imagine that many brain-workers indulge in the practice of the physiologist referred to. In this otherwise excellent article, the author occasionally shows a tendency to a little ultra-speculation, and perhaps a slight want of humour. Many physiologists and physicians, as well as others, may smile, for instance, when they read that "good wine or beer is said to make a man fall on his side; whisky, espe-

* *The Book of Health*. Edited by Malcolm Morris. London: Cassell & Co. 1883.

Voice, Song, and Speech. By Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

A Treatise on Diseases of the Liver. By Dr. George Harley, F.R.S. London: J. and A. Churchill.

Poisons; their Effects and Detection. By A. Wynter Blyth. London: Griffin & Co. 1884.

Practical Pathology: a Manual for Students and Practitioners. By G. Sims Woodhead, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., Demonstrator of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh, &c. With 136 Coloured Plates. Edinburgh: S. J. Pentland. 1883.

cially Irish whisky, on his face; and cider or perry on his back." "These disturbances of the equilibrium," Dr. Brunton gravely goes on to say, "correspond exactly to those caused by injury to the lateral lobes, and to the anterior and posterior part of the middle lobe of the cerebellum respectively."

The article by Dr. Crichton-Browne on "Education and the Nervous System" may fairly be called the ablest and perhaps the most useful in the book, especially at this present time, and for an adequate notice would require a long review by itself. Never has a better answer been given than here to the sweeping assertion of Mr. Bright, that "everything that can be said on the subject of education has been said hundreds of times over." With an extensive and thorough knowledge of the physiology of body and mind and a rich experience, the author shows how the latest results of scientific research and thought in this direction may possibly be brought to bear on the education of youth, and his clear exposition goes far towards dissipating the widespread but erroneous notion of antagonism between theory and practice. We are shown that the real educator should take into consideration the nature of the material on which he works, and adapt his methods thereto, bearing in mind the primary fact that the material is not stable or fully formed, but in a state of rapid change and development. Popular outcries against educational over-pressure are, as a rule, ill informed and highly extravagant, and tend to do more harm than good; but an accurate and philosophical consideration of the matter such as Dr. Crichton-Browne sets before his readers almost disarms criticism, and cannot fail to be useful now, when the subject is exercising the public mind so much. Perhaps there may be those who believe that the author's ideas are somewhat Utopian; but, nevertheless, the lines he lays down are obviously consistent with what is known and cannot be gainsaid; his facts are for the most part demonstrable, and his reasoning sound. It could be wished, for the sake especially of those who are engaged in the actual work of education, that this essay might appear in a separate form, or in company at least with such others as might be, with itself, entirely out of keeping with the somewhat *ad captandum* title of *The Book of Health*.

In a work like this by different authors there is, perhaps unavoidably, a good deal of repetition, which however, when the book is regarded as a whole, is not very different from "padding." Hence there are the obvious drawbacks of superfluous bulk and tediousness in perusal. This remark is applicable to some extent to the articles devoted to "Exercise" and "Dress"; nor do the following papers on the "Influence of our Surroundings" and "Travelling" add much to the practical value of the volume. The latter article, indeed, strikes us as a strained effort to systematize trivialities and to fill with commonplace a certain number of pages. Dr. Murphy's treatment of the subject of "Health at Home" is free, however, from all suspicion of writing for writing's sake, and full of important facts and sound advice which perhaps at no distant day the public generally will lay to heart and carry out in action. Dr. Cheadle, too, and Dr. Dukes (of Rugby School) have contributed papers of great merit and immediate utility on "Health in Infancy and Childhood" and "Health at School," respectively. Their remarks are characterized by a good knowledge of their subjects, and an equally notable absence of "fads" and presence of common sense. The special articles devoted to the Ear, the Skin, the Eye, and the Throat, Voice, &c., might have been advantageously curtailed to a large extent. There is much that is valuable in the last two of these, but too much that is more fitted for a scientific treatise. As to the article on the Skin, we think that most who can afford to buy *The Book of Health* will have been long accustomed to obey its precepts. Of the excellent though short article on the Teeth this cannot be said, and Mr. Tomes may be credited with a highly practical and instructive paper. The book ends with two chapters of much interest on "Health in India" and "Climate and Health Resorts," by Sir Joseph Fayrer and Dr. Weber respectively. The experience which informs these articles will render them of great use to those whose occupation or misfortune compels them to leave their homes.

Considerable pruning would have done much to help this book to realize its ostensible object by placing really good information in the hands of a wider circle of readers than it will probably reach in its present form. A title, too, of a less prophetic sound than "The Book of Health" would have been advisable, and it would have been far better for the name of the editor, who only contributes one of the shorter articles, to have appeared but once, on the back of the book, instead of being again printed prominently on the front cover, where, to a casual observer, it appears to be that of the author of this really composite work.

Double authorship very frequently makes a book unequal in style, and its matter of varying value. *Voice, Song, and Speech*, the joint work of a doctor and a teacher of singing, does not form an exception to this statement. While the leading principles relating to the management of the voice are undoubtedly good, as advocated, we imagine, by Mr. Behnke, the voice trainer, and the physiology contained in the book is sound enough, we cannot but feel that the intercurrent utterances of the medical author fail to attain to an equally high standard. Addressed as this book apparently is to the public, it must be criticized from this point of view. The cover, the print, and the paper are attractive, and there are many illustrations, though not all of equal merit. The contention at the beginning that a knowledge of vocal physiology is indispensable to the singer is by no means proved or even made probable by the sequel; nor is the analogy which is urged between the singing and

the painting art any more true than that between singing and piano-playing, which the authors, for the sake of their argument, reject. The rôle of imitation is doubtless much greater than that of physiological knowledge in learning to speak or sing, however much it may be desirable that the *teacher* of these arts should be somewhat acquainted with the structure and the function of the vocal organs. A student would learn more by hearing Mr. Santley sing from time to time, than by attending any amount of lectures on vocal physiology. Perhaps a closer analogy to singing, though still it is one very wide of the mark, is offered to us in violin-playing; certainly it is more cognate to the subject than the analogy of painting. But no one would contend that either the readiest or the slowest student of the violin would in any way be improved or helped along by a knowledge of the action of the special combinations of nerves and muscles which he uses; and all would allow that a little attention to the playing of a Joachim would outweigh in value the careful perusal of even the famous and fascinating work of Sir Charles Bell on the Human Hand. The book before us, then, being obviously written and adorned for the public eye, is unduly overlaid with anatomical detail, and much that is said of the physiology of the vocal organs, useful as it may be to some extent to the teacher of singing or speaking, is certainly of no advantage to those who learn. On the contrary, the popularization of knowledge attempted here is to be deprecated as an example rather of the dangerous tendency of a little learning. Science, to be taught well to the student, must be taught from the ground-work upwards; the learner's text-book must not be merely an illustrated anthology of the subject with which it deals.

Most experts will probably agree thoroughly with the principles insisted on with regard to the mode of breathing when singing, and the importance of avoiding fatigue in the use of the vocal organs. The knowledge and experience here of the voice-trainer gives special value to his remarks, the truths that they contain, though not claimed as mainly new, losing nothing by repetition and illustration. There is perhaps some over-refinement in the treatment of the physiological aspect of the different vocal "registers," as much more fundamental questions than this with regard to the function of the laryngeal structures are as yet unsolved; but the precepts of the voice-trainer in the book are of undoubted value to the teacher of singing, and many of them, especially in the chapter on "Voice-Cultivation," are of wider application still.

Coming to the chapters on the "Daily Life" and "The Ailments" of the voice-user, we think we detect the work of another hand. There is a good deal of commonplace, and a good deal of irrelevant matter, and a tendency is shown towards the tenets of the "alarmist" school. It savours somewhat of book-making to take the trouble to say that the tight collar of the "masher" should be avoided by the singer, and to occupy space by describing and advertising ladies' combinations, and other articles of dress, with such a precision that the author finds it necessary to be kind enough to state that he leaves the style of the outer garment to individual taste.

The notion that there is any special "colour" given to disease by the vocation of the singer contains but little if any truth, and is dangerous from fostering gratuitous alarm and being highly conducive to harmful quackery. This notion is certainly to some extent repudiated at the beginning of one of the chapters we have referred to; but the further treatment of the subject is by no means consistent with the opening. Throughout this section there occurs such a mixture of medical and popular terms, of words of warning and words of encouragement, interwoven with necessarily imperfect hints at diagnosis and treatment, as seemingly tends to allure while it obfuscates the reader's mind, with the resulting evil of probably creating imaginary ailments and a consequent superfluous resort to a medical man.

This book, of vastly different value as to its letterpress, is ornamented with many illustrations, of which the photographs appear to us to be the least instructive. They are indistinct, and of far less practical use than the drawings. At the end one of the greatest disfigurements to the work appears, in the shape of a list of advertisements that on perusal looks somewhat like the production of a Mutual Admiration Society, of which our medical author is not the least prominent member. This list is headed by an explanatory preface, which neither justifies nor lightens the offence it attempts to excuse. It is a regrettable finale to a book whose real modicum of use is unfortunately antagonized or masked by unnecessary bulk and by too much irrelevant and undesirable material.

It does not require a prolonged study of Dr. George Harley's book on *Diseases of the Liver* to detect evidence of the author's strong individuality and earnest conviction of the correctness of his views. This work is a recast and enlargement of his well-known monograph published twenty years ago, and is much enriched by the results of further experience. It must be gratifying to all the students of his book that Dr. Harley has not indulged in his favourite notion of "spelling reform" by the omission of all double consonants. Hereby the foreign reader, for whose sake this sacrifice was made, is spared a thankless labour, and Englishmen can arrive at the valuable matter of the book unpelled by grotesque form and the probability of occasionally startling puns. There is, however, a characteristic of composition in this book which renders the reading difficult, and the meaning sometimes obscure; for there is a constant recurrence of dependent and relative sentences standing alone between full stops. With respect to the contents of this work, it must be said that, while

some debatable matter is set forth in a dogmatic style, the practical value of its teaching is for the most part of high order, and must cause it to take good rank among works devoted to the detection and treatment of liver disease. We imagine that many physiologists and physicians will challenge some of Dr. Harley's dicta, and especially will regard his uncompromising and scarcely critical advocacy of the germ-theory of disease, and his ideas as to the nature of "fever" with considerable doubt; but most will probably admit that, in the latter part of the book, where the author is on firm ground, his experience and lucid teaching will be of the greatest value to the medical practitioner for whom the book is exclusively intended.

Mr. A. Wynter Blyth is to be congratulated on having produced in his book on *Poisons, their Effects and Detection*, one of the best and most comprehensive works on the subject. The author is well known as an accomplished chemist and careful worker. The book is thorough, and will be of great value to experts, being brought well up to time, and embodying the gist of recent researches and illustrative cases. The classification of poisons is wisely made with the main object in view of the convenience of the practical chemist, natural and physiological systems of arrangement being scientifically imperfect and of little actual use. It would have been well if the author, in his careful and elaborate chapter on Arsenic, had laid somewhat greater stress on the facts that poisonous arsenical wall-papers are not by any means always green in colour, and that not altogether infrequently the symptoms produced by such poisoning are mainly, if not entirely, referable to the nervous system, the more common and well-known effects being often in these cases very difficult of detection. The study of this work, however, will force the expert reader to confess its value and rare freedom from error and defect.

To the most uninitiated it must be evident that a correct pathology is the beginning of correct treatment, whether it be medical or surgical. Pathology is led up to through physiology, and without discussing here pathological results induced by physiological research, there can be no possible doubt that many of the greatest boons to man have been the result of legitimate experiment humanely conducted on the lower animals. We must be borne out here surely in our statement that, if experiments on the action of either drugs or toxic injections or experiments of a like nature are to be made, their results should rather come to us from such experiments than from direct ones on man himself. The author of the work under notice introduces himself in what we take to be a maiden effort; but we most cordially welcome it. Whatever his future as a practitioner may be, he has evinced great powers as a teacher of singular accuracy—a tolerably good precedent for success. This work will be very acceptable to the students of modern pathology, in the practical details, as the author remarks that, "although there are in abundance systematic treatises upon pathology, and the results of the researches of those most eminent in the pathological world are within the reach of all, there is yet a want of a guide to the practical work involved in the study, preparation, and examination of morbid tissues." This want, so great as to have become almost a reproach to pathologists, he has endeavoured to supply. The plan adopted is to follow the tissue from the body to the microscope, to describe the method of making the post-mortem and naked-eye examinations, and of preparing the various structures for microscopical investigation. The more important changes of each organ are indicated, though, of course, all the pathological changes which occur could not possibly be considered in the space at command. The drawings, which are in polychrome, are coloured precisely as are the actual specimens from which they have been taken under the microscope. They are admirably rendered, and altogether the work is a great credit to its author, and has supplied a long felt want. There is no doubt that in many of the ever-appearing medical and surgical works mere theory is far too prominent, and manual processes kept too much in the background, and looked down upon as merely the province of the mechanic. The mechanic is often the better teacher, his work is evident.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.*

WE feel sure that if Goldsmith could come back to the world which he left too prematurely one hundred and ten years ago, he would select Mr. Austin Dobson as the fit executor to edit his remains. The work of the elder and of the younger poet does not run quite upon the same lines, but they are closely allied in temperament, and the one has an old-world touch of conscious sentiment which allies him with the naïve simplicity and humour of the other. Mr. Austin Dobson has, at all events, presented us with an ideal edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, not too large, and yet ample in its form, carefully supplied with the needful notes, and with no more, adorned with a little sprightly preface just short enough to make us wish that it were longer. It is delightful to take up in this decent form, with its white boards, fine paper, and neat type, a book that most of us read for the first time in the worst of foxed and faded editions, ourselves curled up in the window of a country parlour that we might let the light fall straight upon its dim pages.

Perhaps we do not all realize how much there is in a work of

* *The Vicar of Wakefield*. By Oliver Goldsmith. With a Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. Parchment Library. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

fiction scarcely more than a century old that is already quite unintelligible to a modern reader. Mr. Austin Dobson has shown a good deal of research in hunting these difficulties to the ground, although half his work had already been done for him, as he gratefully acknowledges, by Mr. Edward Ford, of Enfield, a Goldsmith enthusiast, whose paper in the May number of the *National Review* of 1883 threw a great deal of new light on the local allusions in the *Vicar*. It was Mr. Ford who pointed out that the "small cure" of fifteen pounds, to which the Primrose family moves in Chapter III., is Kirkby Moorside; that Welbridge Fair, where Moses distinguished himself, is Welburn; that Thornhill Castle is Helmsley; and, lastly, as a matter of course, that the Wells are at Harrogate and the Races at Doncaster. When Mr. Ford goes on to suggest that the spot where Sophia was seen, "in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse and struggling with the torrent," was close to Boroughbridge, at the confluence of the Swale and the Ouse, or that the "county gaol" was at Pickering, we are perhaps less confident that any novelist, even though he be so autobiographical as Goldsmith was, would necessarily be thinking of some actual spot at every turn of his narrative. Mr. Ford, however, has proved quite enough to make the principal scenes of the *Vicar of Wakefield* geographically actual to us.

But Mr. Austin Dobson is chiefly employed in unravelling those obscure allusions which the book contains, and which the alteration of custom have made extremely difficult to follow. When George Primrose's cousin says to him, "May I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate," who is there in the present year of grace who knows what he means? It appears that it was a notorious quack charm against the perils of teething, and that mothers never forgave themselves if their children died of convulsions without having tried an anodyne necklace. We may point out that the editor's ingenious note, in which he quotes an advertisement in which it is said to be sold for 5s., "as patronized by the King for the Royal Children," does not quite exhaust the question, for what George's cousin says is, "May I die by an anodyne necklace," which looks as though, if some regarded it as a medicine, others had found it to be a poison. It was probably a little old-fashioned of Neighbour Flamborough to be drinking lamb's-wool on Michaelmas Eve. This liquor, of which Mrs. Primrose, it will be remembered, was a connoisseur, was an old wassail-drink frequently referred to by writers of the seventeenth century. It simply consisted of a bowl of spiced ale, into which apples which were roasting on the hearth were popped directly that they were thoroughly cooked. The thick foam which was caused by the descent of each flaming apple into the cold ale was the cause of the name, for it looked like a handful of lamb's-wool. We are puzzled by the word "sussarara." Mrs. Symmonds says to her husband, "Gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sussarara." Mr. Dobson quotes one authority which gives us the meaning of this word, "a hard blow." It is met with, in a slightly different form, in Sterne. We confess that we have always supposed that when the Primrose girls wasted the time which they should have been spending on George's shirts in "flourishing upon catgut" they were practising the fiddle. But Mr. Dobson has a far better interpretation than this. He has found in a little-known dictionary of 1775 the secondary meaning of "a kind of canvas for ladies' work" given for "catgut"; so that it is probable that the young ladies in question had no more lofty ambition than that of embroidering with a needle on some sort of ornamental tapestry.

We hope there is no need for the recommendation with which the editor closes his preface. The present generation, surely, cannot have forgotten the fidelity which they owe to Goldsmith's exquisite little masterpiece. We refuse to believe it; and, as we turn the pages once more, we are struck by the freshness, the lightness, the lasting charm of the story. That it is imperfect and even preposterous in plot, that the events succeed one another as they might in a novelist's Utopia—all this does not interfere with our pleasure a whit. Such faults as these may, we believe, interfere with the success of a book on its first appearance, and may even decide in the negative the delicate question whether it shall or shall not attract and retain public attention; but, when once that attention is secured, it is not lost by flaws like these. It is lost by insincerity of workmanship, by a pinchbeck style, by ignorance of the genuine workings of the human heart, not by solecisms in geography and errors in history. It must be confessed that, if the *Vicar of Wakefield* is one of the most charming books in the language, it is also one of the most careless. How little the author troubled himself about finish of form may be gauged from the fact that it has been matter of dispute, and is not yet settled, whether the novel is complete or not. A certain school aver that a whole chapter is still wanting. We should have been glad if Mr. Austin Dobson had not contented himself by merely stating this theory; we should have liked to see it examined by a critic of his knowledge and accurate habit of research.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. MALCOLM MACCOLL will no doubt be agreeably flattered by learning that he has succeeded in producing a considerable effect on the mind of at least one Mahometan. The Moulavi Cheragh Ali was so much affected by Mr. MacColl's

article (1), "Are Reforms Possible under Mussulman Rule?" in the *Contemporary* of August 1881, that he determined to write a book on the subject. Mr. MacColl is not his only adversary. He has also a great deal to say in answer to Mr. Sell's book on the "Faith of Islam," and takes the opportunity to pluck a crow with Dr. Hunter. It is almost needless to say that the Moulavi Cheragh Ali is resolute in asserting that reforms are possible under Moslem rule. He argues with some force against the writers who have maintained that the Koran has tied the followers of the Prophet down so tightly that they can never change. He proves his point most convincingly by showing that Mahometan nations have changed, and that their religious and political system has developed up to a certain point. We see no reason whatever for doubting that the author is perfectly right in saying that if a Mahometan ruler really wishes to reform, there is nothing in the Koran which need prevent him. That book and the orthodox commentaries on it are, after all, only so much writing, and any meaning can be read into them with the help of a little good-will. Where the Moulavi Cheragh Ali fails, however, is in explaining why the will to make reforms of an effective kind is so uniformly absent in Mahometan States. There is a want of the critical spirit in his book also, which diminishes the value of his arguments. He quotes the *History of the Arabs in Spain*, by Conde, a work of notorious inaccuracy, as if it were entitled to the most implicit confidence. There is likewise something like a want of respect for the common sense of his English readers in the calm confidence with which he cites the various paper reforms of the Sultan's Government as a proof that a Mahometan State can be enlightened and progressive. The book is not the less well worth reading as the expression of the opinions of an intelligent and well-educated Indian Mahometan.

Mr. Pullan shows artistic courage in coming before the world with his studies in architectural style (2), for every illustration, extending as they do over ninety-six pages, is his own composition. Taken as a whole, the series decidedly merits praise for its clever versatility; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Pullan's forte lies in his manipulation of ecclesiastical Gothic, and that his masterpiece will be found in the series of designs which he tendered at the great international competition for the Cathedral of Lille. This was adjudicated in 1856, with the result that what proved to be the barren honour of first and second prizes were respectively assigned to Messrs. Clutton & Burgess and to Mr. Street, leaving M. Lassus, the French champion, in the third place. The tender is a stately and well-proportioned pile, carried out on a large scale, with graceful details, in the earlier phase of the Middle Pointed style. In the much later suggestion offered for Truro Cathedral Mr. Pullan less successfully adventures a sterner motif. The richly decorated Octagonal English Church carried out on Italian Gothic at Baveno shows that the plan founded upon the Church of the Holy Sepulchre can be satisfactorily adapted to practical objects of Anglican worship. In competing for the expiatory church to be built at St. Petersburg on the spot of Alexander II.'s murder, the architect of course was restricted to the prescriptions of Eastern ecclesiology. He was unsuccessful; but the composition of which he is author is careful and ingenious, both in the plan and the accessories.

The author of *Agricultural and Administrative Reform in Bengal* (3) begins by expressing a doubt whether he has not chosen a bad time for "asking the attention of that increasing portion of the public who take an interest in the welfare of our great Indian dependency to the following observations on some questions connected with agriculture and administration in Bengal." He is afraid that the Ilbert Bill is overpowering everything. The tragicomic fortunes of that curious measure are certainly occupying most of the attention Englishmen ever do give to Indian affairs; but we do not think they are likely to interfere seriously with this treatise. It would under any circumstances be found unreadable by ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, not from any fault of its own, but because it deals with subjects which are unintelligible except to experts. The Bengal civilian writes in a somewhat heavy official style, but his account of the growth of the administration of his province is likely to be valuable to students of Indian history, and he speaks with the authority of a competent witness on questions of reform.

Under the rather pompous title of *Creators of the Age of Steel* (4), Mr. W. T. Jeans publishes a volume of biographies of Sir Henry Bessemer, Sir William Siemens, Sir Joseph Whitworth, Sir John Brown, Mr. S. G. Thomas, and Mr. G. J. Snelus. His volume necessarily contains a great deal of technical matter. The pages bristle with the most forbidding terms, and there are long descriptions of processes which can only be understood by the initiated. The lives which Mr. Jeans tells do not afford much material to the biographer. His heroes were very prosperous, and prosperity makes but a dull story. The book will, however, be interesting to readers of scientific tastes, and Mr. Jeans tells what story he has to tell in a straightforward, unaffected way.

Glimpses and Gleanings (5) is an excellent title. It is alliterative, it suggests all sorts of things, and it means nothing in particular. The stories of Mr. Musgrave Heaphy are not quite worthy of their collective name. "The Piece of Limestone" tells how a piece of stone blown out of a quarry was lectured by bricks, welcomed by growing corn, and treasured up by a philosopher who found it contained a fossil. "The Uninvited Guest" is our old friend Death, who is sent on a general visitation in evening dress by Mr. Heaphy. In "The Blue Scarf" we make the acquaintance of a young poet to whom a very pleasing thing happens. He is run after by a Prime Minister, and engaged to a King's daughter. But then he, too, ends unhappily. There is a great deal of dying in Mr. Heaphy's stories, much about the next world, not a little moral reflection, a praiseworthy attempt to be poetical, and, withal, a very obvious attempt to imitate Hans Christian Andersen.

"The pessimism of my hero," says the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma in his preface (6), "also requires some apology. I appeal, however, to my reader's intelligence, whether any one coming from a happier world and seeing the anomalies and misery of earth would not be shocked and pained. As it is, the pessimism of *Aleriel* is not stronger than that of the wise king in Ecclesiastes, nor of many ancient and modern philosophers. It is not nearly so bitter as that of Byron." We have no doubt that any one coming from a happier world would find this less happy, and we cheerfully acquit *Aleriel* of the offence of indulging in a pessimism which is stronger than that of the wise king. Neither has he the faintest resemblance to Lord Byron. *Aleriel* is a superior being of some sort, endowed with wings and able to fly through space, who picks up an acquaintance with the author. He moans gently over the wickedness of men who will fight in a horrid bloodthirsty fashion. He takes a tour through the planets, and writes his earthly friend an account of it. In the last chapter he invites him to spend a day in the middle of the Jungfrau. The friend goes, and is sung to by mysterious beings who ask questions.

Few visitors to a large picture-gallery are likely to be so well instructed as to know beforehand exactly where to find the works best worth looking at even if they are familiar with matters of art. Most of them have too good reason to be grateful to any competent guide who will take them by the hand and show them what they ought to admire. Mr. Charles L. Eastlake has done that kind service for travellers who are about to visit the Louvre and the Brera Gallery at Milan (7 and 8). The two volumes which he has published on these famous galleries contain notices of all the most famous pictures. They are strictly popular in the best sense. "Being intended," says the author, "for the general public, these notes, whether critical or descriptive, deal neither with technical details nor abstruse theories in art. Vexed questions relating to the authenticity of certain pictures are also generally avoided, as involving more space for discussion than would be consistent with the limits of small volumes which claim no higher purpose than that of a popular handbook." Both the volumes are copiously illustrated.

Colonel Malleon's account of his trips in Southern Germany (9) are no better and no worse than fifty other books of the same sort which are published every year. It is full of the usual stories about landlords and guides, and the usual descriptions of scenery. The fact that it is written by an Anglo-Indian and was first published in a Calcutta magazine does not seem to give it any exceptional character. Nothing in the volume is equal in interest to the author's little sketch of the two Germans who taught him their language in India. They were two friends who enlisted in the 38th Foot at the time of the Mutiny, and who both, by courage and intelligence and good conduct, contrived to distinguish themselves more or less.

In the course of her preface Miss Greenwood gives a variety of reasons why her *Victoria, Queen of England* (10), is not entitled to much notice. It was not intended for English readers in the first place, but "for Americans, and especially for young Americans." Then Miss Greenwood has nothing new to say. "I intended," she tells us, "to make the book largely personal and anecdotal, and to have the personalities and anecdotes fresh and new; but in carrying out this plan I found unexpected and insurmountable difficulties. I had no friend at Court who could aid me by supplying pleasant little incidents of daily life in the palace, and the English acquaintances to whom I applied who could have assisted me—they having the advantages denied me—were provokingly reticent." So, as Her Majesty's servants declined to supply Miss Greenwood with "personalities," she has been compelled to fall on to well-known memoirs and biographies with book-making paste and scissors. Finally, our author has "written always as an American and a Republican"—that is to say, she is in a perpetual state of surprise at the existence of one of the oldest and strongest of human institutions. She really

(5) *Glimpses and Gleanings*. By Musgrave Heaphy. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

(6) *Aleriel; or, a Voyage to other Worlds*. A Tale. By Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma. London: Wyman & Sons. 1883.

(7) *Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Louvre Gallery at Paris*. By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

(8) *Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Brera Gallery at Milan*. By Charles L. Eastlake. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

(9) *Captain Masqir's Rambles in Alpine Lands*. By Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

(10) *Victoria, Queen of England: her Girlhood and Womanhood*. By Grace Greenwood. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

(1) *The Proposed Political, Legal, and Social Reforms in the Ottoman Empire, and other Mohammedan States*. By Moulavi Cheragh Ali, H.H. the Nizam's Civil Service. Bombay: printed at the Education Societies' Press, Byculla. 1883.

(2) *Studies of Architectural Style*. By Richard Popplewell Pullan, F.R.I.B.A. London. 1883.

(3) *Agricultural and Administrative Reform in Bengal*. By a Bengal Civilian. London: Wyman & Sons. 1883.

(4) *Creators of the Age of Steel*. By W. T. Jeans. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

cannot understand that anything in the world should be unlike the United States, which get on without a monarchy. As extremes meet this Yankee narrowness of mind leads to a good deal of what we should call snobbery in this old world. Miss Greenwood is continually wondering like Pepys that a royal personage should behave like "the private father of a child." The book is harmless enough—the worst that can be said of it is that it is rather silly and quite useless.

Miss Tytler's little life of Marie Antoinette (11) is a very different piece of work. She does not profess to attempt the almost impossible task of adding anything to a story which has been so often and so well told. Her monograph is only intended to be a simple and straightforward account of the life of the unhappy Queen of France. It is not swollen out by superfluous historical matter. Miss Tytler begins with a chapter on the Court and family of Maria Theresa, which must be known by whoever wishes to understand the character and position of Marie Antoinette. The greater part of the little volume is devoted to the private life of the Dauphiness and the young Queen. The narrative of the terrible closing scenes is distinguished by a laudable absence of fine writing. Miss Tytler makes no attempt to disguise the fact that Marie Antoinette was guilty of many indiscretions which cannot be wholly excused by the difficulties of her position, or her misfortune in being married to a good-hearted nonentity. The Queen's infatuation for the Polignacs, a family which was destined to be the ruin of the old Bourbon line, is shown with perfect frankness. Even readers who are already fairly familiar with the history of the French Revolution may be recommended to read Miss Tytler's monograph.

The *Manual of Jewish History and Literature* (12) which Mrs. Henry Lucas has translated from the German of Dr. Cassel is mainly designed for the use of Jewish schools. It will, however, be found of considerable use by Christian readers, though, for obvious reasons, they are not likely to employ it in their places of education. We do not mean that there is anything polemical in the tone of the book. It is, indeed, free from anything of the kind; but it is naturally not written from the Christian point of view. Dr. Cassel begins with a very brief summary of Bible history. An almost equally rapid outline of Jewish history between the return from the Babylonian captivity and the destruction of the city by Titus follows. The greater part of the manual is devoted to the sad and monotonous history of Jewish suffering from persecution. Dr. Cassel has not space enough to go at any length into such interesting questions as the position of the Jews in Arabia before Mahomet, or to give the details of the important part they played in the medieval history of Spain; but he gives the outline of the story clearly, and with sufficient completeness. The notices of Jewish literature are necessarily somewhat uninteresting, being little more than a catalogue of names. They will serve, however, to remind Jewish boys of what their race has done. Either the author or the translator is responsible for some rather clumsy misspellings of Spanish names, such as "Frontara" for Frontera, and "Tortasa" for Tortosa; but the translation reads easily, and is free from German idioms.

The subject chosen by Professor Wolski (13) is almost as sad as Dr. Cassel's, and he has not treated it with an equally sound method. His fifteen lectures, delivered to an audience which collected to hear him after church "on the grass at the edge of the Lake Goplo, near the town of Gniezno," in Posen, are indeed full of facts. The roll of battles, murders, and revolts is long, but confusing. The reader finds the reign of one Polish ruler so like another that, when he reaches the end of the book, it is hard to remember whether any particular event happened while a Piast, or a Jaquello, or one of the elected princes of later times was on the throne. Now and then the Professor indulges in moral reflections which do more honour to his heart than to his head. He animadverts on the immorality and extravagant habits of the nobles, but has very little to say about their oppression of the subject peasant races which prepared the way for the partition of the country. In one place he gives an explanation of the fall of Poland which will commend itself to Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He suggests that the original cause of the evil was the introduction of corn brandy during the reign of Casimir Jaquellonczyk. The Professor shows that there is some consolation to be found in the fact that, "happily for Poland, though no longer having a political existence, she has welcomed the philanthropist who has introduced throughout those portions of our once kingdom, which at this moment is shared by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, the beneficent influence of Temperance Societies." It will be seen that the English of these lectures is somewhat awkward, and it is perhaps responsible for an astounding historical blunder on page 72. After saying that Casimir the Great, also called the King of the Peasants, ceded Silesia to the King of Bohemia about the middle of the fourteenth century, he adds:—"Now, as the half of this province belonged to Austria and the other half had been seized by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, the loss of Silesia was but nominal for

Poland." It is to be hoped that Professor Wolski's readers have sufficient knowledge of European history to know that he has antedated the existence of the kingdom of Prussia by more than three centuries. When the author comes to the downfall and partition of Poland, he is unsatisfactory to the last degree. Like other apologists of that unhappy country, he seems incapable of understanding that it brought its misfortunes upon itself by vanity, folly, and anarchy. Readers of some critical faculty who have a general knowledge of European history, and wish to learn something about the course of events in Poland, may possibly get some advantage from Professor Wolski; but they will have to read a great deal into him, and guess at many things.

A *Cruise in the Edeline* (14) is another of those innumerable diaries of a tour somewhere or other which can be of no possible interest except to the writer. The Countess de la Warr started from England in the most ordinary manner to join the yacht which was waiting for her at Venice. At Paris she bought gloves and left them in a *fiacre*—a misfortune which has been known to happen to ladies before. At last, after nothing has happened through several pages, she starts from Venice. Thenceforward to the end of the book we have a record of cruises from one port to another, and of invitations to dinner.

Mr. Clarke Russell has published a species of glossary to his own novels. His *Sailors' Language* (15) is a larger version of the collection of sea terms published by James at the beginning of his Naval History, and by Dana at the end of his *Two Years before the Mast*. Whether he will succeed in making sailors' language intelligible to landsmen is perhaps doubtful. When we learn, for instance, that the "long lizard" is "a pendant for carrying the lower boom topping lift out to the foreyard arm," we are not much wiser than we were before; for what is the lower boom topping lift? Mr. Clark Russell rather over-estimates a landsman's ignorance of sea terms in his preface when he cites the phrases "to be above-board," or "to turn in all standing," as being mysterious to anybody but sailors. Is there a landlubber in the three kingdoms to whom they are not perfectly familiar? Allowing, however, for explanations which do not explain, and elucidations of the perfectly obvious, there is a great deal of interesting and instructive matter to be found in Mr. Russell's book. The illustrations might well have been dispensed with; they are few, ill-chosen, and bad.

The selection from the English comic dramatists (16) which Mr. Oswald Crawford has prepared for the Parchment Library is insufficient because too much has been attempted. It is impossible to give a fairly representative body of quotations from the whole of such an extensive literature in 283 small pages. If the editor had confined himself to one period—the Restoration comedy, for instance—he might have made a useful book; as it is he has produced a collection of snippets. One scene from Shakespeare, three from Ben Jonson, and one from Beaumont and Fletcher do not fairly represent the Elizabethan period. It was right to give three quotations from Vanbrugh, perhaps the most quotable of the (so-called) writers of the Restoration, but one of the three passages selected from Farquhar might have been suppressed to make room for Etherege.

Miss Yonge's collection of *Historical Ballads* (17) has been made on a curious principle. It contains long quotations from the "Canterbury Pilgrims" and the historical plays of Shakespeare. It does not quote Drayton's "Agincourt," and it gives some feeble Royalist commonplace about Marston Moor, by Miss Mitchell, but omits Macaulay's "Naseby." The collection is meant to be used in schools. We cannot conceive of a worse policy than familiarizing children with poor verse.

Under the title of *Where shall I educate my Son?* (18) Mr. Pascoe has prepared a neat little manual for the guidance of anxious parents. It gives a list of the chief schools in England, with an account of the advantages to be obtained at them in the shape of scholarships, &c. An appendix is filled with examination-papers for the terror of youth.

A glance at the yearly volume of the *Art Journal* (19) shows that it holds its place very fairly among periodicals of this class. The plates are not very numerous, but are very good. Its steel plates are excellent, and two of its etchings—"An Old Hanse Town," by A. H. Haig, opposite page 144, and "Meal Time," a Scotch fisherwoman feeding chickens, by Mr. Macbeth, opposite page 296—are also exceptionally good.

The volume of *L'Art* (20) for the third quarter of 1883 is worthy of its predecessors. It contains the usual proportion of criticism, drawings, and good etchings.

We cannot honestly say that the first volume of the "sixpenny" *Cornhill* looks (21) as if the lowering of price had been followed by happy effects. The volume looks its sixpennyworth, and the

(14) *An Eastern Cruise in the "Edeline."* By the Countess de la Warr. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

(15) *Sailors' Language.* By W. Clark Russell. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(16) *English Comic Dramatists.* Edited by Oswald Crawford. Parchment Library Series. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(17) *Historical Ballads.* Edited and annotated by Charlotte M. Yonge. London: National Society's Depository, Westminster.

(18) *Where shall I educate my Son?* By Charles Eyre Pascoe. London: Houlston & Son. 1884.

(19) *The Art Journal.* London: Virtue & Co. 1883.

(20) *L'Art.* Librairie de L'Art: Paris and London. 1883.

(21) *The Cornhill Magazine.* New Series. Vol. I. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

(11) *Marie Antoinette, the Woman and Queen.* By Sarah Tytler. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1883.

(12) *Manual of Jewish History and Literature; preceded by a Brief Summary of Bible History.* By Dr. D. Cassel. Translated by Mrs. Henry Lucas. London: Macmillan & Co.

(13) *Poland: her Glory, her Sufferings, and her Overthrow.* By Professor Kallixt Wolski. London: Kirby & Endean. 1883.

increase in the number of wood engravings has been accompanied by a loss in quality.

We have received Whitaker's Almanack for 1884 (22), and find it the same storehouse of useful information as before.

Whitaker's rival, the British Almanack and Companion (23), is also entitled to praise, being full of facts which everybody needs to know, well printed, and well arranged.

Mr. Joseph Mayer has brought out a second volume (containing the Second Book) of his extremely copious and elaborate edition of Cicero's *De Natura Deorum* (24). A good manuscript (apparently of the best class), belonging to Merton College, Oxford, is now collated for the first time. Among the linguistic notes we mark at random a long one on the etymology and original meaning of *superstitious*, and a short one on the idiomatic phrase, *hand scian an*, where the subjunctive expresses a sort of refined luxury of doubt. But a more individual feature of Mr. Mayer's interpretation is the close attention paid to the elucidation of ancient science, and the comparison of it with our frequent knowledge—a matter hitherto too much neglected by editors of Greek and Latin classics. Mr. Mayer even suggests in his preface that the Science of the Ancients might be added as an alternative subject to the final stage of the Classical Tripos. The proposal is in itself by no means amiss; for the moment, however, the Classical and other Triposes may be allowed a little rest from being reorganized.

A useful device for writing men and women may be noted in Messrs. Field & Tuer's Author's Paper Pad (25). The pad is solid, the paper strong and easily detachable, and though some people might like it better if it had not lines, others will doubtless prefer it as it is.

We have received from the Art Union of London its large print for 1884 (26), engraved by Mr. Sharpe, after Mr. Elmore. The subject is, it may be mentioned, the irruption of the mob into the Queen's apartments, and the engraver has rendered the work with good success.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT may seem an odd thing to head a literary review by the notice of a diary—a diary with tall narrow pages, blank for the most part and ruled exactly like any business scribbling diary that knocks about on an office desk. But the *Agenda* of the Brussels Geographical Institute (1) is a very special and original diary. It is intended for the registry of geographical discovery, and at the head of its pages day by day are to be found entered in print the most famous geographical achievements of that day in the history of the past. Some of these achievements perhaps require a little allowance to enable them to be ranked as strictly geographical. But this is pardonable without much difficulty. A really remarkable cyclopædia in miniature of information in regard to travel and discovery is presented in this odd fashion, and though there are some misprints (for instance, Sir George Nares certainly did not make his Polar voyage in 1845, as the index will have it), they will doubtless be corrected in future editions.

That M. Jules Troubat has devised a taking title (2) may be readily granted; it is not equally easy to grant that it has anything whatever to do with the contents of his book. These are simply essays, articles, and reviews on all sorts of subjects—Joan of Arc, Philaidie Chasles, Daumier, Victor Hugo, some little travels in the South of France, &c. &c.—which have no character of resemblance except that they happen to be written by the same writer. M. Troubat writes neither very well nor very ill, and he seems on the whole to be a sensible person when he does not think it necessary to be Republican and patriotic *quand même*. Indeed, his good sense would seem to prevent his being quite so Republican and patriotic *quand même* as he would like to be.

We are glad to record the completion of Dr. Förster's edition of Garnier (3), which has broken ground in a department of French literature hitherto too much neglected—the drama of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century. This reprint is to be followed by one of Mairat, and if Herr Vollmöller, the editor of the series in which it appears, would add Montchrestien, Du Ryer (Hardy has already been begun elsewhere), and one or two others, he would earn gratitude from scholars. Dr. Förster's editorial work is carefully done after his own views, which involve an abundance of *apparatus criticus*, and no great abundance of literary or exegetic comment.

M. Léon Cladel's most remarkable book (4) needs no criticism

(22) *An Almanack for 1884*. By Joseph Whitaker. London: J. Whitaker.

(23) *The British Almanack and Companion for 1884*. London: The Stationers' Company.

(24) *M. Tullii Ciceronis de Natura Deorum libri tres*. With Introduction and Commentary by Joseph B. Mayer, M.A. Together with a new Collation of several of the English MSS. by J. H. Swainson, M.A. Vol. II. Cambridge: University Press. 1883.

(25) *The Author's Paper Pad*. Field & Tuer: London.

(26) *The Tulleries, 20th June, 1792*. Art Union of London.

(1) *Agenda, 1884, avec éphémérides géographiques*. Bruxelles: Institut National de Géographie.

(2) *Le blason de la révolution*. Par Jules Troubat. Paris: Lemerre.

(3) *Les tragédies de Robert Garnier*. Vol. IV. Herausgegeben von Wendelin Förster. Heilbronn: Henninger.

(4) *Les vo-nu-pieds*. Par Léon Cladel. Paris: Lemerre.

here; but the appearance of an edition which, after twenty years of alteration and revision, the eccentric author at last pronounces to be final is worth noting. How eccentric M. Cladel is every one who has read him knows; and every one who is in that position knows also that his eccentricity is accompanied by not a little power.

We have nothing at all to say against M. Delbos's editions of French plays, except that "French Classics for English Readers" (5) is a rather ambitious title. The scale of the notes and of the introductory matter fits them well enough for English schools; though even for that purpose we could have wished to see both a little fuller. Compared, however, with other books having the same aim and written by members of M. Delbos's profession in England, these books deserve very favourable mention. For the notes are well selected; they never commit the capital fault of trespassing on the province of the grammar and the dictionary, and so pandering to the pupil's laziness; and they are, moreover, generally well expressed and to the point.

As we noticed recently the fresh start which the *Revue suisse* (6) is making in England, it may not be inappropriate to give a brief notice of the contents of its January number. Besides a scientific and a political summary and *chroniques* from France, Italy, Germany, England, Russia, Holland, and Switzerland, it has an important article on Switzerland's International Position by M. Numa Droz, two novelettes, a careful paper on Raffaele, a notice of a young Swiss poetess, Alice de Chambrier, who died the other day, and of whom probably few Englishmen have heard, and an amusing miscellany of a not very easily definable kind entitled "Voyage dans une auberge," by M. Marc Monnier.

M. Léon Allard has chosen a subject (7) in parts rather risky, and has worked it out with an occasional condescension to naturalist ideas, though never to the worst of those ideas. But he has a famous wrestling scene towards the end, where a hardy amateur strangles (for good) a scoundrel of a professional who has been the persecutor of his, the hardy amateur's, sister-in-law; and the general tone and aim of his book are praiseworthy, while its execution is far from bad. *Le secret de Rose* (8) may also be well spoken of, not merely because in this case also vice is punished (though not quite so dramatically) and virtue rewarded. But really, after a long course of books in which vice is not punished at all, and there is no virtue to reward, there is a certain temptation to come back to the oldest and simplest, if not exactly from the literary point of view the most orthodox, fashions of judging. *Le secret de Rose* has, however, more to be said for it than that it is moral, though it can hardly be called a great book. If, as we think probable, Mme., or Mlle., de Besneray is a young writer, she should have a fair success before her, not in the scandalous kind, but the contrary, to judge from *Nadine* (9). It is a young book in more senses than one, but that is not a bad fault at all; and the kind of general "Bless you, my children," and repentance-of-everybody-who-has-got-anything-to-repent-of with which it ends ranks it fairly with the other books just mentioned as examples of literary art which does not devote itself to executing a certain famous manoeuvre with the Creed, the Commandments, and the word "not."

(5) *French Classics for English Readers—Racine, Les plaideurs; Corneille, Horace*. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. January 1884. London: Stanford.

(7) *Maison de famille*. Par Léon Allard. Paris: Charpentier.

(8) *Le secret de Rose*. Par G. de Beugny d'Hagerue. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Nadine*. Par Marie de Besneray. Paris: Plon.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The trade of Hull, upon which the prosperity of the Company's undertaking must always largely depend, continues steadily to increase. The tonnage upon which dock dues were paid in 1882 was 2,426,372 tons, against 2,217,319 tons in the previous year, showing an increase of 208,153 tons. The estimated tonnage to the close of 1883 is 2,525,000, showing a further increase of about 100,000 tons over 1882, and a total increase over 1881 of more than 300,000 tons.

The extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax will be of incalculable advantage in preserving and fostering the trade of the port with the West Riding and the Midland districts.

The construction of the Fish Dock, urgently called for by a large section of the trade, will largely increase the volume of that trade, and put a highly remunerative traffic on the railway.

The Company's Act of 1882, authorising the extension of their system to Huddersfield and Halifax, was promoted at the request of a deputation, composed of members of the Corporations and Chambers of Commerce of Huddersfield and Halifax, and the merchants and manufacturers of those towns and the surrounding districts.

It is no exaggeration to say that the deputation, in seeking to obtain further railway facilities, truthfully represented the views not only of the respective Corporations to which they belonged, but those also of a manufacturing and industrial population approaching 400,000 in number.

The Corporations of Huddersfield and Halifax were desirous of contributing each the sum of £20,000 to the Capital required, and their desire in this respect (although not acceded to by Parliament) was in each case unanimously supported by the Ratepayers in public meeting assembled.

The objects sought to be obtained by the Company's Act of 1882 were:—

1. The establishment of good local connexion between Halifax and Huddersfield.
2. To obtain improved communication between those towns and the Midland districts, the West of England, and the Port of Hull.
3. To open up new sources of Coal supply, for household and manufacturing purposes, to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax, and the surrounding districts.

That portion of the line which lies between Cudworth and Huddersfield passes through an important section of the Flockton coal field, and, in addition, will open out the South Yorkshire coal field to the Huddersfield merchants and manufacturers, who are in a great measure forced to seek their supplies by means of carting at a heavy cost. The railway facilities hitherto given to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax have been lamentable in the extreme, not only as regards local traffic with each other, but with regard also to their connexion with the Midland districts, and with London.

This state of affairs will be entirely remedied by the construction of the proposed line, together with the joint Midland and Hull and Barnesley Station at Cudworth.

The HULL and BARNESLEY RAILWAY COMPANY have made an agreement with the Midland Railway Company whereby the use of the line is accorded to the latter Company on equitable terms, and the HULL and BARNESLEY COMPANY have received an intimation, in writing, that the Midland Railway Company, in entering into that agreement in 1882 for running powers over this line, did so with the full intention, which they still retain, of exercising those running powers between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax, upon completion of the railway.

The relations between the HULL and BARNESLEY RAILWAY COMPANY and the Midland Railway Company continue to be of a friendly character, and hold out the strongest assurance that the traffic of both Companies between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax will be worked harmoniously and economically, and that the whole trade of the district will be thoroughly developed.

It is impossible to conceive any announcement of greater importance than the above, to all who have the welfare at heart of the commercial and industrial classes in the West Riding of Yorkshire, or who are interested in the continued and increasing prosperity of the Midland Railway Company.

There can be little doubt that the co-operation of the two Companies working over this line will alone secure the payment of the reasonable dividend of 4 per cent., but it should be borne in mind that when the dividend on this Stock commences to accrue it will be secured as a first charge (after payment of Debenture interest) upon the profits of the entire property of the HULL and BARNESLEY RAILWAY COMPANY, which will consist, when their authorised works are completed, of 27 miles of railway and a Dock Estate of about 400 acres in extent, supplied with two docks of 46 acres and 14 acres of water space respectively.

The price of £85 per £100, at which this Stock is issued, renders it a very desirable investment, having regard to the prospect of its ultimate value, and the present value of English Railway Preference Stocks.

A Bill has been deposited in Parliament by the merchants and others of Halifax for the construction of the necessary short connecting link between that town and Holmfeld, on the Great Northern Railway, and it is hoped that arrangements will be made whereby, if this proposed line be also sanctioned, the HULL and BARNESLEY COMPANY (and through them the Midland Railway Company) will have the use of it on terms to be agreed, thus securing the long-needed route to Scotland and the North through Huddersfield and Halifax.

An epitome of some of the principal evidence given before the Committees of Parliament, together with explanatory maps, and forms of application, may be obtained from the Bankers of the Company, Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith, London; Messrs. Samuel Smith, Bro. & Co., Hull; also from the following Brokers—Messrs. Capel & Co., 5 Throgmorton Street, London; Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., Lombard Street, London; Messrs. Moore & Son, Huddersfield; Mr. J. H. Thacker, Halifax; and from the SECRETARY at the Offices of the Company in Hull.

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